

# P O E M S

BY MR. JERNINGHAM.

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE favourable reception these POEMS met with, as they separately appeared, has induced me to collect them into a little volume, and present them, with some emendations, to the PUBLIC. The indulgence that first attended them, will not, I hope, forsake them in their present appearance.

It may not be improper to declare, that out of respect to the Public opinion, I have excluded some Poems from this collection, choosing rather to submit to the Voice of my Cotemporaries, than make

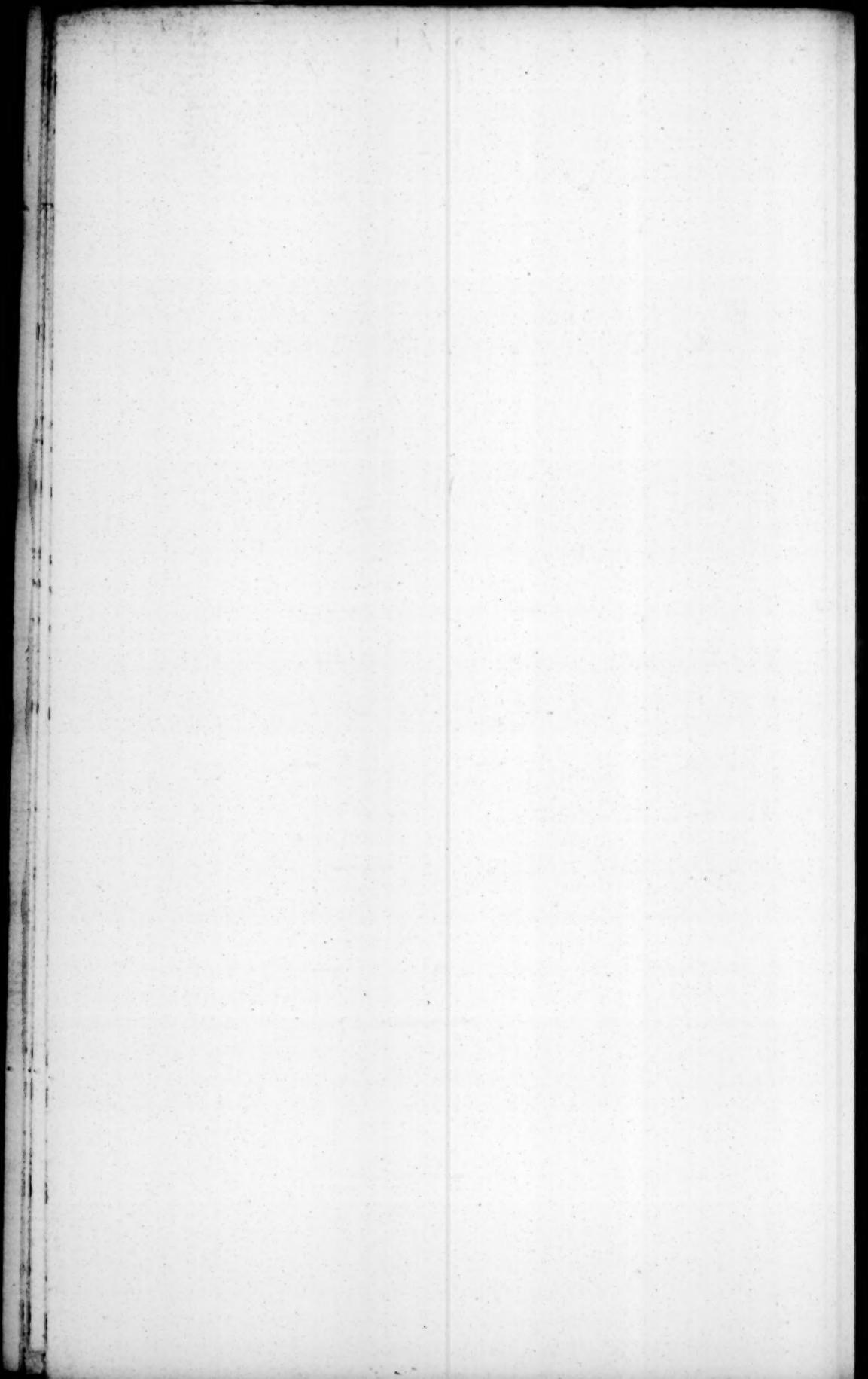
## ADVERTISMENT.

a presumptuous appeal to posterity. In return, I beg this collection may be looked upon as the only one that I avow.

This volume, which, to a genius, would serve but as a feeble prelude to his future publications, comprises all my little pretensions to fame. And it is with the greatest diffidence that I add my literary mite to the Treasury of ENGLISH Poetry.

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THE  
M A G D A L E N S.

SEE to yon fane the suppliant nymphs repair,  
At virtue's shrine to pour contrition's sigh :  
Their youthful cheek is pal'd with early care,  
And sorrow dwells in their dejected eye.

Hark ! they awake a solemn plaintive lay,  
Where grief with harmony delights to meet :  
Not PHILOMELA, from her lonely spray,  
Trills her clear note more querulously sweet.

Are these the fair who wont, with conscious grace,  
Proud RANELAGH's resplendent round to tread ?  
Shine in the studied luxury of dress ?  
And vie in beauty with the high-born maid ?

The smiling scenes of pleasure they forsake,  
Obey no more amusemement's idle call,  
Nor mingling with the sons of mirth partake,  
The treat voluptuous, or the festive ball.

For sober weeds they change their bright attire,  
Of the pearl bracelet strip the graceful arm ;  
Veil the white breast, that lately nurs'd desire,  
And thrill'd with tender exquisite alarm :

Unbraid the cunning tresses of the hair,  
And each well-fancied ornament remove ;  
The glowing gem, the glitt'ring solitaire—  
The costly spoils of prostituted love !

Yet beauty lingers on their mournful brow,  
As loth to leave the cheek bedew'd with tears ;  
Which scarcely blushing with a languid glow,  
Like morn's faint beam thro' gath'ring mist appears.

No more compare them to the gaudy flow'r,  
Whose painted foliage wantons in the gale :  
They look the lily drooping from the show'r,  
Or the pale vi'let sick'ning in the vale.

Let not the prude with acrimonious taunt,  
Upbraid the humble tenants of this dome ;  
That pleasure's rosy bow'r they us'd to haunt,  
And in the walk of loose-rob'd dalliance roam.

If fond of empire and of conquest vain,  
They frequent vot'ries to their altars drew,  
Yet blaz'd those altars to the fair ones' bane,  
The Idol they, and they the victim too !

Some in this sacred mansion may reside,  
Whose parents' ashes drank their early tears ;  
And hapless orphans ! trod without a guide,  
The maze of life, perplext with guileful snares.

Some who encircled by the great and rich,  
Were won by wiles, and deep-designing art,  
By splendid bribes, and soft persuasive speech,  
Of pow'r to cheat the young unguarded heart.

Some on whom beauty breath'd her radiant bloom,  
While adverse stars all other gifts remov'd ;  
Who fled from mis'ry and a dungeon's gloom,  
To scenes their inborn virtue disapprov'd.

What tho' their youth imbib'd an early stain,  
Now gilded by the rays of new-born fame,  
A second innocence they here obtain,  
While cloister'd penance heals their wounded name.

So the young myrtles nipt by treach'rous cold,  
(While still the summer yields his golden store)  
In shelt'ring walls their tender leaves unfold,  
And breathe a sweeter fragrance than before.

Tho' white-wing'd peace protect this calm abode,  
Tho' each tumultuous passion be suppress'd,  
Still recollection wears a sting to goad,  
Still conscience wakes to rob their soul of rest.

See one the tort'ring hour of mem'ry prove,  
Who wrapt in pensive secrecy forlorn,  
Sits musing on the pledges of her love,  
Expos'd to chilly want, and grinning scorn :

Forgot, deserted in th' extremest need,  
By him who ought to shield their tender age :  
‘ Was this, seducer, this the promis'd meed ? ’  
She cries—then sinks beneath affliction's rage.

Another mourns her fall with grief sincere,  
Whom tranquil reason tells she's shun'd, disdain'd,  
Repuls'd as vile by those who held her dear,  
Who call'd her once companion, sister, friend.

That recollects the day when lost to shame,  
She fondly sacrific'd her vestal charms ;  
Resign'd the virgin's for an harlot's name,  
And left a parent's for a spoiler's arms.

Imagination pictures to her mind  
The father's rage, the mother's softer woe :  
Unhappy pair ! to that distress consigned,  
A child can give, a parent only know.

At this deep scene, by fancy drawn, impres'd,  
The filial passions in her heart revive :  
Reproach vindictive rushes on her breast,  
To nature's pangs too feelingly alive !

If this, or similar tormenting thought,  
Cling to their soul, when pensively alone,  
For youth's offence, for love's alluring fault,  
Say, do they not sufficiently atone ?

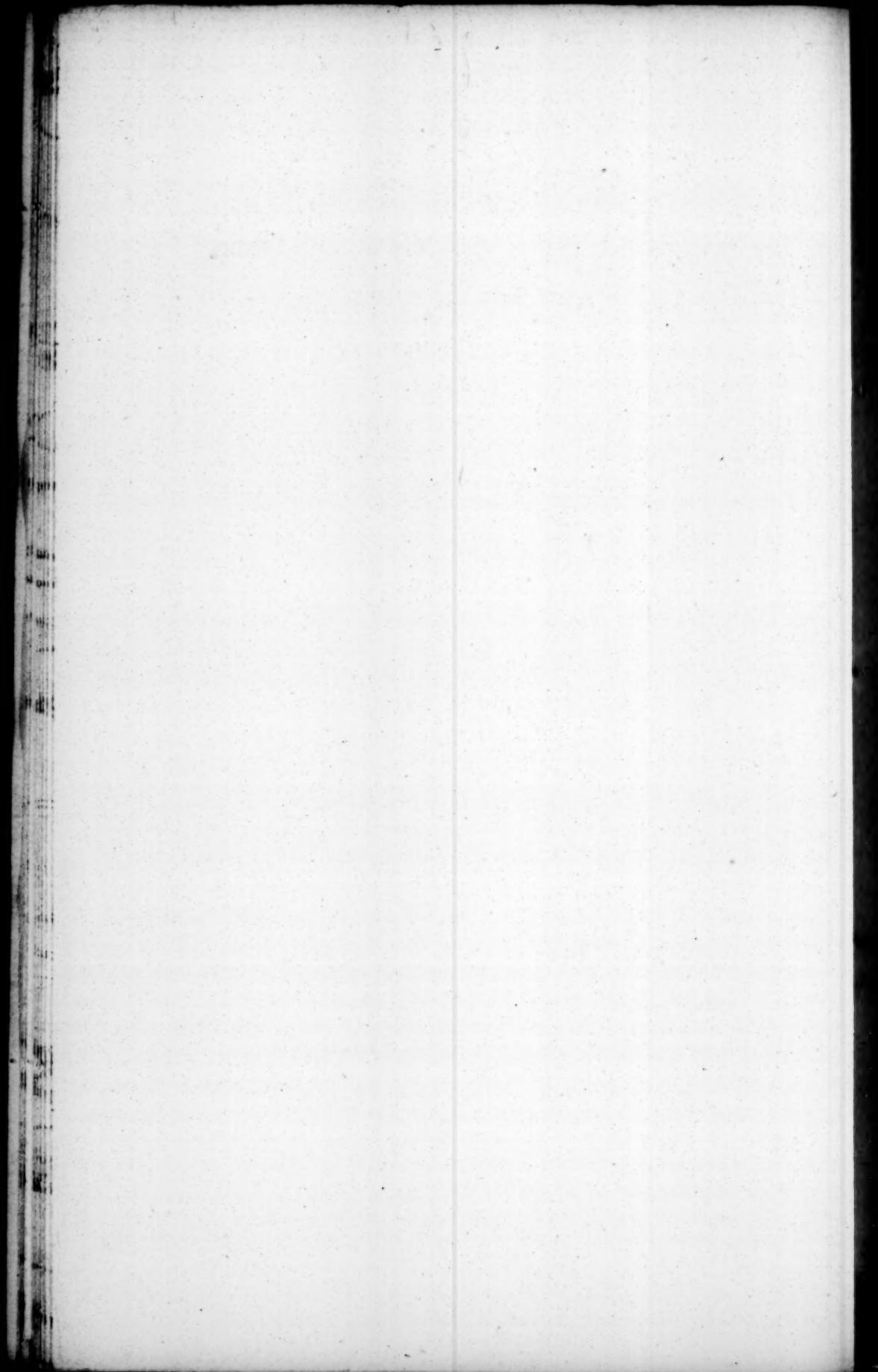
Oh mock not then their penitential woes,  
 Thou who may'st deign to mark this humble theme,  
 Nor seek with foul derision to expose,  
 And give to infamy their tainted name.

Nor deem me one of melancholy's train,  
 If anxious for the sorrow-wedded fair ;  
 (Tho' little skilful of poetic strain,  
 Whose pleasing music takes the tuneful ear.)

I steal impatient from the idle throng,  
 The roving gay companions of my age,\*  
 To temper with their praise my artless song,  
 And soft-ey'd pity in their cause engage.

'Tis virtue's task to soothe affliction's smart,  
 To join in sadness with the fair distrest :  
 Wake to another's pain the tender heart,  
 And move to clemency the gen'rous breast.

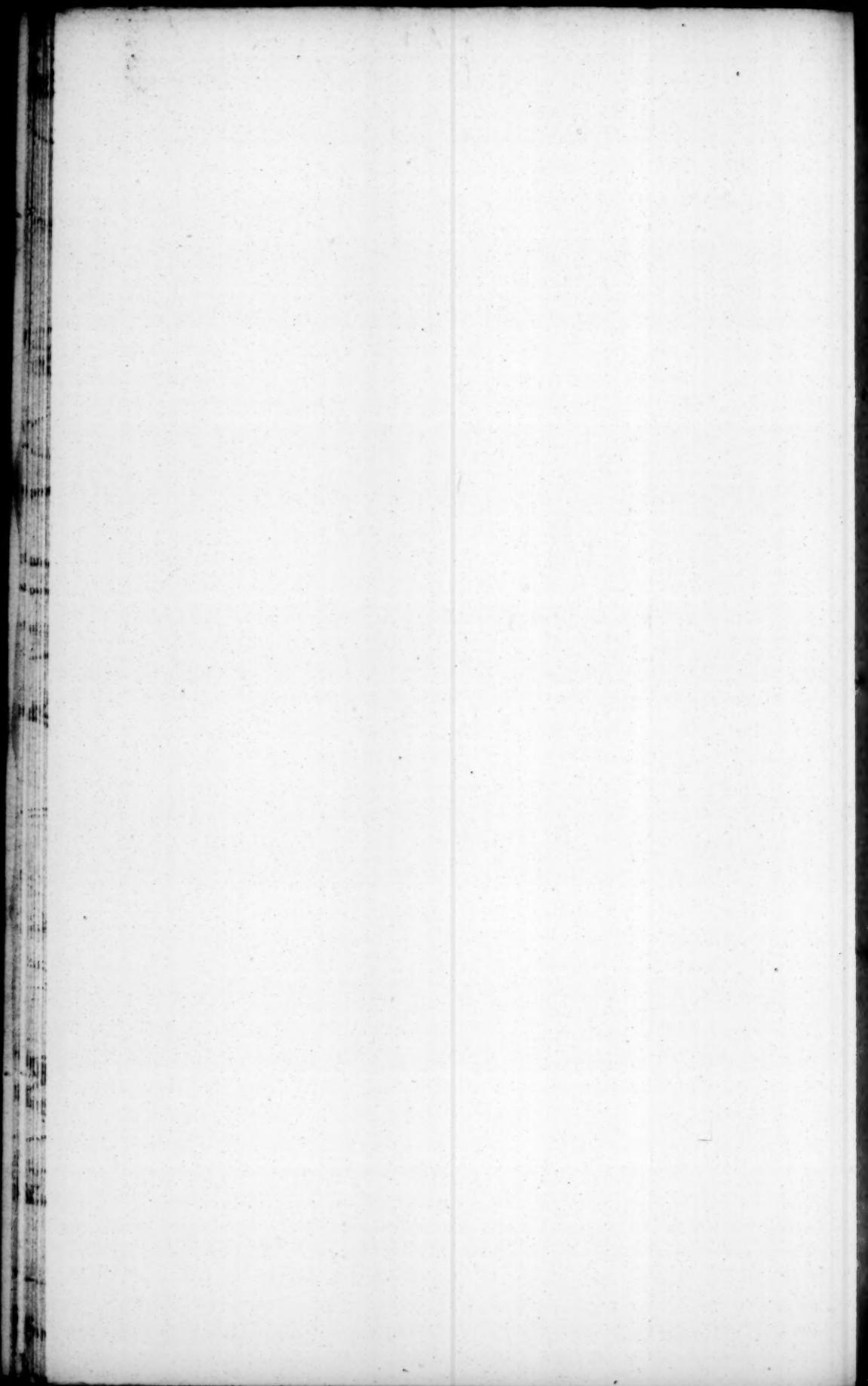
\* This poem was first publish'd in 1763.



**Y A R I C O**

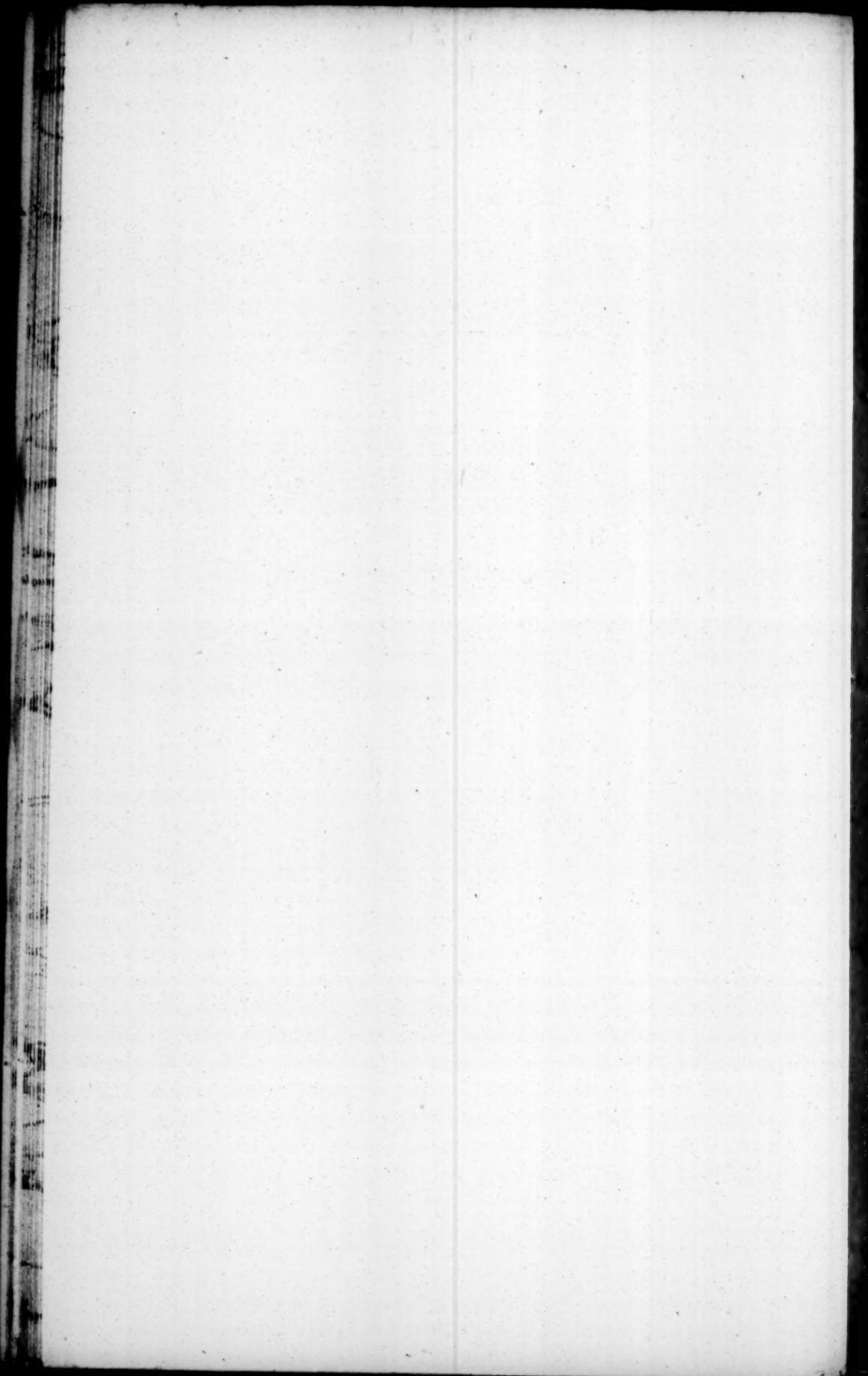
**T O**

**I N K L E.**



## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

Inkle is preparing to set out for England, after having sold Yarico to a merchant at Barbadoes, ‘ notwithstanding that the poor girl, ‘ (says the spectator) to incline him to ‘ commiserate her condition, told him that ‘ she was with child by him: But he only ‘ made use of that information to rise in his ‘ demands upon the purchaser.’



## YARICO TO INKLE.

WITH falsehood lurking in thy sordid breast,  
And perj'ry's seal upon thy heart imprest,  
Dar'st thou, Oh Christian! brave the sounding waves  
The treach'rous whirlwinds, and untrophied graves?  
Regardless of my woes, securely go,  
No curse-fraught accents from these lips shall flow;  
My fondest wish shall catch thy flying sail,  
Attend thy course, and urge the fav'ring gale:  
May ev'ry bliss thy God confers be thine,  
And all thy share of woe compris'd in mine.

One humble boon is all I now implore,  
 Allow these feet to print their kindred shore :  
 Give me, Oh Albion's son ! again to roam,  
 For thee deserted my delightful home :  
 To view the groves that deck my native scene,  
 The limpid stream, that graceful glides between :  
 Retrieve the fame I spurn'd at Love's decree,  
 Ascend the throne which I forsook for thee :  
 Approach the bow'r--(why starts th' unbidden tear?)  
 Where once thy YARICO to thee was dear.

The scenes the hand of time has thrown behind,  
 Return impetuous to my busy mind :  
 ' What hostile vessel quits the roaring tide  
 ' To harbour here its tempest-beaten side ?  
 ' Behold the beach receives the ship-wreck'd crew :  
 ' Oh mark their strange attire and pallid hue !  
 ' Are these the Christians, restless sons of pride,  
 ' By avarice nurtur'd, to deceit allied ?

- ‘ Who tread with cunning step the maze of art;
- ‘ And mask with placid looks a canker’d heart ?
- ‘ Yet note, superior to the num’rous throng,
- ‘ (Even as the citron humbler plants among)
- ‘ That youth!—Lo ! beauty on his graceful brow,
- ‘ With nameless charms bids ev’ry feature glow :
- ‘ Ah ! leave, fair stranger, this unsocial ground,
- ‘ Where danger broods, and fury stalks around :
- ‘ Behold thy foes advance—my steps pursue
- ‘ To where I’ll screen thee from their fatal view :
- ‘ He comes, he comes ! th’ ambrosial feast prepare,
- ‘ The fig, the palm-juice, nor th’ anâna spare :
- ‘ In spacious canisters nor fail to bring
- ‘ The scented foliage of the blushing spring :
- ‘ Ye graceful handmaids, dress the roseate bow’r,
- ‘ And hail with musick this auspicious hour—
- ‘ Ah no ! forbear—be ev’ry lyre unstrung,
- ‘ More pleasing music warbles from his tongue ;

‘ Yet utter not to me the lover’s vow,  
‘ All, all is thine that friendship can bestow :  
‘ Our laws, my station, check the guilty flame—  
‘ Why was I born, ye powers, a Nubian dame ?  
‘ Yet see around, at love’s enchanting call,  
‘ Stern laws submit, and vain distinctions fall :  
‘ And mortals then enjoy life’s transient day,  
‘ When smit with passion they indulge the fway :  
‘ Yes! crown’d with blis, we’ll roam the conscious  
    grove,  
‘ And drink long draughts of unexhausted love :  
‘ Nor joys alone, thy dangers too I’ll share,  
‘ With thee the menace of the waves I’ll dare :  
‘ In vain—for smiles his brow deep frowns involve,  
‘ The sacred ties of gratitude dissolve,  
‘ See Faith distracted rends her comely hair,  
‘ His fading vows while tainted zephyrs bear !’

Oh thou, before whose seraph-guarded throne  
The Christians bow, and other Gods disown,  
If, wrapt in darkness, thou deny'st thy ray,  
And shroud'st from NUBIA thy celestial day !  
Indulge this fervent pray'r, to thee address'd,  
Indulge, tho' uttered from a fable breast :  
May gath'ring storms eclipse the cheerful skies,  
And mad'ning furies from thy hell arise :  
With glaring torches meet his impious brow,  
And drag him howling to the gulf below !  
Ah no ! May heav'n's bright messengers descend,  
Obey his call, his ev'ry wish attend !  
Still o'er his form their hov'ring wings display !  
If he be blest, these pangs admit allay :  
Me still her mark let angry Fortune deem,  
So thou may'st walk beneath her cloudless beam.  
Yet oft to my wrapt ear didst thou repeat,  
That I suffic'd to frame thy blis compleat.

Deluded sex! the dupes of man decreed,  
We, splendid victims, at his altar bleed.  
The grateful accents of thy praiseful tongue,  
Where artful flatt'ry too persuasive hung,  
Like flow'r's adorn'd the path to my disgrace,  
And bade destruction wear a smiling face.  
Yet form'd by nature in her choicest mould,  
While on thy cheek her blushing charms unfold,  
Who could oppose to thee stern Virtue's shield?  
What tender virgin would not wish to yield?  
But pleasure on the wings of time was born,  
And I expos'd a prey to tyrant scorn.  
Of low-born traders—mark the hand of fate!  
Is YARICO reduc'd to grace the state,  
Whose impious parents, an advent'rous band,  
Imbruied with guiltless blood my native land:  
Ev'n snatched my father from his regal seat,  
And stretch'd him breathless at their hostile feet!

Ill-fated prince ! The Christians sought thy shore,  
Unsheath'd the sword, and mercy was no more.

But thou, fair stranger, cam'st with gentler  
mind

To shun the perils of the wrecking wind.  
Amidst thy foes thy safety still I plan'd,  
And reach'd for galling chains the myrtle band :  
Nor then unconscious of the secret fire,  
Each heart voluptuous throb'd with warm desire:  
Ah pleasing youth, kind object of my care,  
Companion, friend, and ev'ry name that's dear!  
Say, from thy mind can't thou so soon remove  
The records graven by the hand of Love ?  
How as we wanton'd on the flow'ry ground,  
The loose-rob'd pleasures danc'd umblam'd around:  
Till to the sight the growing burden prov'd  
How thou o'er cam'st—and how, alas ! I lov'd !  
Too fatal proof ! since thou with av'rice fraught,  
Didst basely urge (ah ! shun the wounding thought !)

That tender circumstance—reveal it not,  
Lest torn with rage I curse my fated lot :  
Lest startled reason abdicate her reign,  
And Madness revel in this heated brain :  
That tender circumstance—inhuman part—  
I will not weep, tho' serpents gnaw this heart :  
Frail, frail resolve ! while gushing from mine eye  
The pearly drops these boastful words belie.  
Alas ! can sorrow in this bosom sleep,  
Where strikes ingratitude her talons deep ?  
When he, whom still I love, to nature dead,  
For roses plants with thorns the nuptial bed ?  
What time his guardian pow'r I most requir'd,  
Against my fame and happiness conspir'd !  
And (do I live to breathe the barb'rous tale ?)  
His faithful YARICO expos'd to sale !  
Yes, basely urg'd (regardless of my pray'rs,  
Ev'n while I bath'd his venal hand with tears)

The tend'rest circumstance—I can no more—  
 My future child—to swell his impious store:—  
 All, all mankind for this will rise thy foe,  
 But I, alas! alone endure the woe:  
 Endure what healing balms can ne'er controul,  
 The heart-lodged stings and agony of soul.—  
 Was it for this I left my native plain,  
 And dar'd the tempest brooding on the main?  
 For this unlock'd (fedue'd by Christian art)  
 The chaste affections of my virgin heart?  
 Within this bosom fan'd the constant flame,  
 And fondly languish'd for a mother's name?  
 Lo! every hope is poison'd in its bloom,  
 And horrors watch around this guilty womb.

With blood illustrious circling thro' these veins,  
 Which ne'er was chequer'd with plebeian stains,  
 Thro' ancestry's long line ennobled springs,  
 From fame-crown'd warriors and exalted kings,

Must I the shafts of infamy sustain ?  
To slav'ry's purposes my infant train ?  
To catch the glances of his haughty lord ?  
Attend obedient at the festive board ?  
From hands unscepter'd take the scornful blow ?  
Uproot the thoughts of glory as they grow ?  
Let this pervade at length thy heart of steel ;  
Yet, yet return, nor blush, Oh man ! to feel :  
Ah ! guide thy steps from yon expecting fleet,  
Thine injur'd YARICO relenting meet :  
Bid her recline, woe-stricken, on thy breast,  
And hush her raging sorrows into rest.

If pity can't allure thy steps from vice,  
Then from impending perils ask advice :—  
T'was night—my solitary couch I press'd,  
Till sorrow-worn I wearied into rest :  
Methought—nor was it childish fancy's flight :  
My country's Genius stood confess'd to fight :

‘ Let Europe’s sons (he said) enrich their shore,  
‘ With stones of lustre, and barbaric ore :  
‘ Adorn their country with their splendid stealth,  
‘ Unnative foppery, and gorgeous wealth ;  
‘ Embellish still her form with foreign spoils,  
‘ Till like a gaudy prostitute she smiles :  
‘ The day, th’ avenging day at length shall rise,  
‘ And tears shall trickle from that harlot’s eyes :  
‘ Her own Gods shall prepare the fatal doom  
‘ Lodg’d in Time’s pregnant and destructive womb :  
‘ The mischief-bearing womb, these hands shall  
    rend,  
‘ And strait shall issue forth confusion’s fiend :  
‘ Then shall my children urge the destin’d way,  
‘ Invade the Christian coast, and dare the day :  
‘ Sue, as they rush upon them as a flood,  
‘ Dishonour for dishonour, blood for blood.’

Say, ALBION youth, flow all my words in vain,  
Like seeds that strew the rude ungrateful plain ?  
Say, shall I ne'er regain thy wonted grace ?  
Ne'er stretch these arms to catch the wish'd embrace ?  
Enough—with new-awak'd resentment fraught  
Assist me, Heav'n ! to tear him from my thought :  
No longer vainly suppliant will I bow,  
And give to love, what I to hatred owe ;  
Forgetful of the race from whence I came,  
With woe acquainted, but unknown to shame.  
Hence, vile Dejection, with thy plaintive pray'r,  
Thy bended knee, and still descending tear :  
Rejoin, rejoin the pale-complexioned train—  
The conflict's past---and I'm myself again.

Thou parent Sun ! if e'er with pious lay,  
I usher'd in thy world-reviving ray !

Or as thy fainter beams illum'd the west,  
With grateful voice I hymn'd thee to thy rest !  
Beheld, with wond'ring eye, thy radiant seat,  
Or sought thy sacred dome with unclad feet !  
If near to thy bright altars as I drew,  
My votive lamb, thy holy Flamen, slew !  
Forgive ! that I, irrev'rent of thy name,  
Dar'd for thy foe indulge th' unhallow'd flame :  
Ev'n on a Christian, lavish'd my esteem,  
And scorn'd the sable children of thy beam.  
This poniard, by my daring hand imprest,  
Shall drink the ruddy drops that warm my breast :  
Nor I alone, by this immortal deed  
From slav'ry's laws my infant shall be freed.  
And thou, whose ear is deaf to pity's call,  
Behold at length thy destin'd victim fall ;  
Behold thy once-lov'd NUBIAN stain'd with gore,  
Unwept, extended on the crimson floor :

These temples clouded with the shades of death,  
These lips unconscious of the ling'ring breath :  
These eyes uprais'd (ere clos'd by fate's decree)  
To catch expiring one faint glimpse of thee.  
Ah ! then thy YARICO forbear to dread,  
My fault'ring voice no longer will upbraid,  
Demand due vengeance of the pow'rs above,  
Or, more offensive still, implore thy love.

T H E

## N U N.

WITH each perfection dawning on her mind,  
 All beauty's treasure opening on her cheek :  
 Each flatt'ring hope subdu'd, each wish resign'd,  
 Does gay OPHELIA this lone mansion seek ?

Say, gentle maid, what prompts thee to forsake  
 The paths thy birth and fortune strew with flow'rs ?  
 Thro' nature's kind endearing ties to break,  
 And waste in cloister'd walls thy pensive hours ?

Let sober thought restrain thine erring zeal,  
 That guides thy footsteps to the vestal gate ;  
 Lest thy soft heart (this friendship bids reveal)  
 Like mine unblest, should mourn like mine too late.

Does some angelic lonely-whisp'ring voice,  
 Some sacred impulse, or some dream divine,  
 Approve the dictates of thy early choice?—  
 Approach with confidence the awful shrine.

There kneeling at yon altar's marble base,  
 (While tears of rapture from thine eye-lid steal,  
 And smiling heav'n illumines thy soul with grace)  
 Pronounce the vow thou never can't repeal.

But if misled by false-entitled friends,  
 Who say—‘ that Peace with all her comely train,  
 ‘ From starry regions to this clime descends,  
 ‘ Smooths ev'ry frown, and softens ev'ry pain:

‘ That vestals tread Contentment's flow'ry lawn,  
 ‘ Approv'd of innocence, by Health carest :  
 ‘ That rob'd in colours bright, by fancy drawn,  
 ‘ Celestial Hope fits smiling at their breast.’

Suspect their syren song and artful stye,  
 Their pleasing sounds some treach'rous thought  
 conceal ;

Full oft does pride with sainted voice beguile,  
 And sordid int'rest wear the mask of zeal.

A tyrant Abbess here perchance may reign,  
 Who, fond of pow'r, affects th' imperial nod ;  
 Looks down disdainful on her female train,  
 And rules the cloister with an iron rod.

Reflection sickens at the life-long tie,  
 Back-glancing mem'ry acts her busy part ;  
 Its charm the world unfolds to fancy's eye,  
 And sheds allurement on the youthful heart.

Lo ! Discord enters at the sacred porch,  
 Rage in her frown, and terror on her crest :  
 Ev'n at the hallow'd lamps she lights her torch,  
 And holds it flaming to each virgin breast.

But since the legends of monastic bliss,  
 By fraud are fabled, and by youth believ'd ;  
 Unbought experience learn from my distress,  
 Oh ! mark my lot, and be no more deceiv'd.

Three lustres scarce with hasty wing were fled,  
 When I was torn from ev'ry weeping friend ;  
 A trembling victim to the temple led,  
 And (blush, ye parents) by a father's hand.

Yet then what solemn scenes deceiv'd my choice !  
 The pealing organ's animating sound ;  
 The choral virgins' captivating voice,  
 The blazing altar, and the priests around :

The train of youth array'd in purest white,  
 Who scatter'd myrtles as I pass'd along :  
 The thousand lamps that pour'd a flood of light,  
 The kiss of peace from all the vestal throng :

The golden censers toss'd with graceful hand,  
 Whose fragrant breath ARABIAN odor shed ;  
 Of meek-ey'd novices the circling band,  
 With blooming chaplets wove around their head.

— My willing soul was caught in rapture's flame,  
 While sacred ardor glow'd in ev'ry vein ;  
 Methought applauding angels fung my name,  
 And heav'n's unfullied glories gilt the fane.

Methought in sun-beams rob'd the heav'nly spouse  
 Indulg'd the longings of my holy love :  
 Not undelighted heard my virgin vows —  
 While o'er the altar wav'd the mystic dove.

This temporary transport soon expir'd,  
 My drooping heart confess'd a dreadful void :  
 E'er since, alas ! abandon'd, uninspir'd,  
 I tread this dome, to misery allied.

No wakening joy informs my fullen breast,  
 Thro' opening skies no radiant seraph smiles ;  
 No saint descends to sooth my foul to rest !  
 No dream of blifs the dreary night beguiles.

Here haggard Discontent still haunts my view,  
 The sombre genius reigns in ev'ry place ;  
 Arrays each virtue in the darkest hue,  
 Chills ev'ry pray'r, and cancels ev'ry grace.

I meet her ever in the chearless cell,  
 The gloomy grotto and unsocial wood :  
 I hear her ever in the midnight bell,  
 The hollow gale, and hoarse-refounding flood.

This caus'd a mother's tender tears to flow,  
 (The sad remembrance time shall ne'er erase)  
 When having seal'd th' irrevocable vow,  
 I hasten'd to receive her last embrace.

Full-well she then presag'd my wretched fate,  
 Th' unhappy moments of each future day :  
 When lock'd within this unrelenting grate,  
 My joy-deserted soul would pine away.

Yet ne'er did her maternal voice unfold,  
 This cloister'd scene in all its horror dreſt ;  
 Nor did ſhe then my trembling ſteps with-hold,  
 When here I enter'd a reluctant guest.

Ah ! could ſhe view her only child betray'd,  
 And let ſubmiſſion o'er her love prevail ?  
 Th' unfeeling priest why did ſhe not upbraid,  
 Forbid the vow, and rend the hov'ring veil ?

Alas ! ſhe might not—her relentless lord  
 Had ſeal'd her lips, and chid her ſreaming tear ;  
 So anguish in her breast conceal'd its hoard,  
 And all the mother funk in dumb despair.

But thou who own'st a father's sacred name,  
 What act impell'd thee to this ruthleſs deed?  
 What crime had forfeited my filial claim?  
 Andgiv'n (Oh! blaſting thought) thy heart to bleed?

If then thine injur'd child deserve thy care,  
 Oh ! hafte and bear her from this lonesome gloom:  
 In vain — no words can ſoothe his rigid ear ;  
 And GALLIA's laws have riveted my doom.

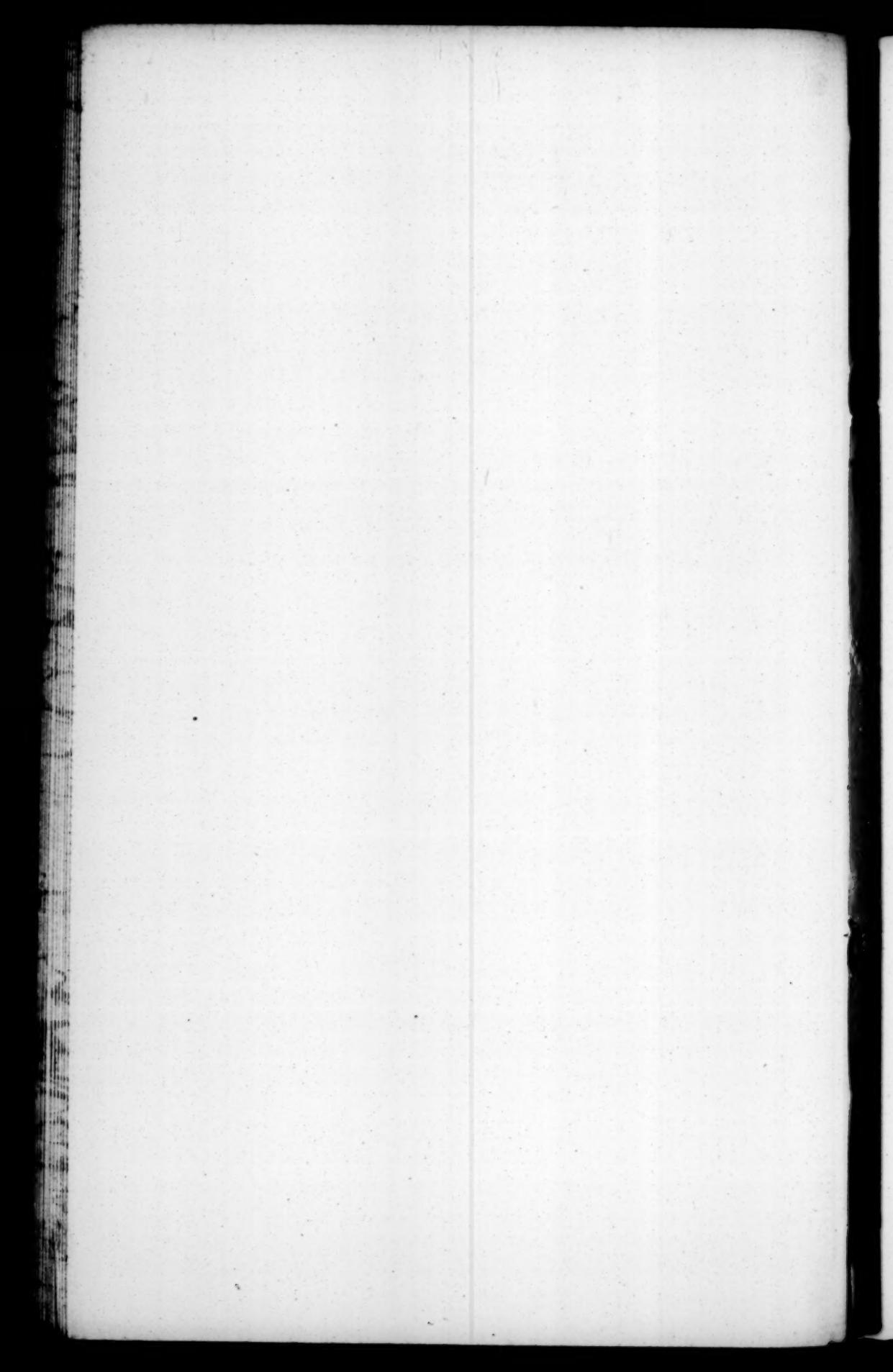
Yet let me to my fate ſubmiſſive bow,  
 From fatal ſymptoms if I right conceive ;  
 This ſtream, OPHELIA, has not long to flow,  
 This voice to murmur and this breast to heave.

Ah ! when extended on th' untimely bier,  
 To yonder vault this form ſhall be convey'd ;  
 Thou'l not refuse to ſhed one grateful tear,  
 And breathe the requiem to my fleeting ſhade.

With pious footstep join the sable train,  
As thro' the lengthening isle they take their way:  
A glimmering taper let thy hand sustain,  
Thy soothing voice attune the funeral lay.

Behold the minister who lately gave  
The sacred veil, in garb of mournful hue ;  
(More friendly office) bending o'er my grave,  
And sprinkling my remains with hallow'd dew :

As o'er the corse he strews the humbling dust,  
The sternest heart will raise compassion's sigh ;  
Ev'n then no longer to his child unjust,  
The tears may trickle from a FATHER's eye.



## T H E

## D E S E R T E R.

BY others blest with genius' rays  
Let noble acts be told,  
While I, content with humbler praise,  
A simple tale unfold :

The SPANIARD left the hostile plain,  
To seek his native land,  
Beneath the sails that swept the main,  
CABEYSA join'd the band :

Who, as he met his country's foes,  
Within the field of Fame,  
Above his rank obscure arose  
And graced his humble name :

Yet not the early wreath of Fame  
With haughtiness was twin'd :  
Nor pride nor fickleness could claim  
The empire of his mind :

The lowly hut, beneath whose roof  
He sigh'd a sad adieu,  
Receiv'd him (time and distance-proof )  
To love and LAURA true :

This hamlet-fair, by Fortune scorn'd,  
Seem'd Nature's fav'rite child,  
With hand profuse by her adorn'd  
— The flowret of the wild !

Her neat but homely garment press'd  
The pure, the feeling heart,  
Oft sought in vain behind the vest  
Of decorated art :

“ If sharing all thy cares (she said)

“ Has paled my beauty’s rose,

“ Ah know ! for thee the heart that bled,

“ With all its passion glows :

“ Blest moment to my wish that gives

“ The long long absent youth !

“ He lives — th’ endear’d CABEYSA lives,

“ And love confirms the truth.

“ When thy brave comrades fell around,

“ What pow’r’s benignant care,

“ Secur’d thee from the fatal wound ?

“ And LAURA from despair ?

“ Oft in the troubling dream of night

“ I saw the rushing speer,

“ Nor did the morn’s awak’ning light

“ Dispel the ling’ring fear.

“ Thy tender fears (the youth replied)

“ Ah give them to the air !

“ To happiness we’re now allied,

“ And pleasure be our care :

“ Let us pursue the joy begun,

“ Nor lose by dull delay :

“ Say, LAURA, shall to-morrow’s sun

“ Illume our nuptial day ?

With look declin’d she blush’d consent—

Reserve that takes alarm,

And Love and Joy their influence lent

To raise meek beauty’s charm.

The guests, to hail the wedded pair,

Beneath their roof repair’d,

With them the little feast to share

Their scanty purse prepar’d :

Tho' no delicious wines were pour'd,  
 Mirth took his destin'd place,  
 The hand-maid Neatness spread the board,  
 And sage Content said grace.

Scarce thro' one hasty week had Love  
 His grateful blessings shed,  
 When bliss (as flies the frightened dove)  
 Their humble mansion fled :

'Twas at BELLONA's voice it flew,  
 That call'd to war's alarms :  
 Bad the youth rise to valor true,  
 And break from LAURA's arms :

But she still strained him to her heart,  
 To lengthen the adieu :  
 " Ah what, (she said) should'st thou depart,  
 " Shall I and sorrow do ?

“ Say, valiant youth, when thou’rt away

“ Who’ll raise my drooping head ?

“ How shall I chace the fears that say

“ Thy lov’d CABEYA’s dead ?

“ With thine my fate I now involve,

“ Intent thy course to steer,

“ No words shall shake my firm resolve,

“ Not ev’n that trickling tear :

“ Fram’d for each scene of soft delight,

“ (He said) thy gentle form,

“ As shrinks the lily at the blight,

“ Will droop beneath the storm :

“ Blest in thy presence ! ev’ry pain

“ (She added) brings its charm,

“ And love, tho’ falls the beating rain,

“ Will keep this bosom warm.

Her zeal (the supplement of strength)  
 Upheld her many a day,  
 But Nature's pow'rs subdued at length,  
 On Sickness' couch she lay :

Three painful days unseen she lay  
 Of him she held so dear:  
 “ Ah does he thus my love repay ?  
 She said—and dropt a tear :

“ CABEYSA, at a league's remove,  
 “ Dwells on the tent-spread hill :  
 “ Ah wherefore did he vow true love,  
 “ And not that vow fulfil ?

Yet not deficiency of truth  
 Forbad to yield relief,  
 Stern pow'r with-held the tender youth,  
 And duty to his chief :

Who wisely-counsel'd drew a line,  
To check the hand of Stealth,  
That ravag'd wide th' encircling vine,  
The humble peasant's wealth :

To pass the line, it was ordain'd,  
Whoever shou'd presume,  
Shou'd a Deserter be arraign'd,  
And meet the coward's doom :

This law by equity approv'd,  
And to the peasant dear,  
Soon to the brave CABEYSA prov'd  
Destructively severe :

Now LAURA's image haunts his soul,  
In Woe's dark tints array'd :  
While to his breast Compassion stole,  
And all her claims display'd :

“ For me her native home, (he said)

“ For me each weeping friend,

“ For me a father’s arms she fled—

“ And shall not love attend ?

“ Say, for a chosen lover’s sake,

“ What more cou’d woman do ?

“ And now that health and peace forsake,

“ Shall I forsake her too ?

“ Now stretch’d upon the naked ground,

“ Oppress’d with pain and fear,

“ She casts a languid eye around,

“ Nor sees CABEYSA near :

“ Now, now she weeps at my delay,

“ And shall neglect be mine ?

“ Submit, ye fears, to Pity’s fway ! ”

He spoke—and cross’d the line.

Soon at his sight the fair resum'd  
Each captivating grace :  
On her pale cheek the rose rebloom'd,  
And smiles illum'd her face.

Yet to that cheek return'd in vain  
Bright Health's vermillion dye,  
For bitter tears that cheek shall stain,  
And dim her brilliant eye :

The youth returning thro' the gloom,  
At midnight's secret hour,  
Was seiz'd—and to dishonour's tomb  
Doom'd by the martial pow'r.

To meet his fate at wake of day  
(Love's victim) he was led,  
No weakness did his cheek betray,  
While to the chief he said :

“ If in the battle death I’ve dar’d,

“ In all its horror dreſt,

“ Think not this ſcene, by thee prepar’d,

“ Sheds terror on my breast :

“ Yet then at LAURA’s hapleſ fate,

“ My fortitude impairs,

“ Unmann’d I ſink beneath the weight

“ Of her oppreſſive cares :

“ Ah ! when her grief-torn heart ſhall bleed,

“ Some little folace grant,

“ Oh guard her in the hour of need

“ From the rude hand of want : ”

Now, kneeling on the fatal ſpot,

He twin’d the dark’ning band :

The twelve, who drew the unwelcome lot,

Reluctant took their ſtand :

And now the murm'ring throng grew dumb,  
 'Twas silence all—sane where,  
 At intervals, the mournful drum  
 Struck horror on the ear :

Now, with their death-fraught tubes up-rear'd,  
 The destin'd twelve were seen —  
 And now the explosion dire was heard  
 That clos'd CABEYSA's scene.

Another scene remain'd behind  
 For LAURA to supply —  
 She comes ! mark how her tortur'd mind  
 Speaks thro' th' expressive eye :

“ Forbear — will ye in blood (she said)  
 “ Your cruel hands imbrue ?  
 “ On me, on me your vengeance shed,  
 “ To me alone 'tis due :

“ Relent—and to these arms again

“ The valiant youth restore.

“ I rave—already on the plain

“ He welters in his gore.

Advancing now, she pierc'd the crowd,

And reach'd the fatal place,

Where, lifting from the corse the shroud,

No semblance cou'd she trace.

“ Is this—oh blasting view ! (she cried)

“ The youth who lov'd too well !

“ His love for me the law defied,

“ And for that love he fell.

“ When will the grave this form receive ?

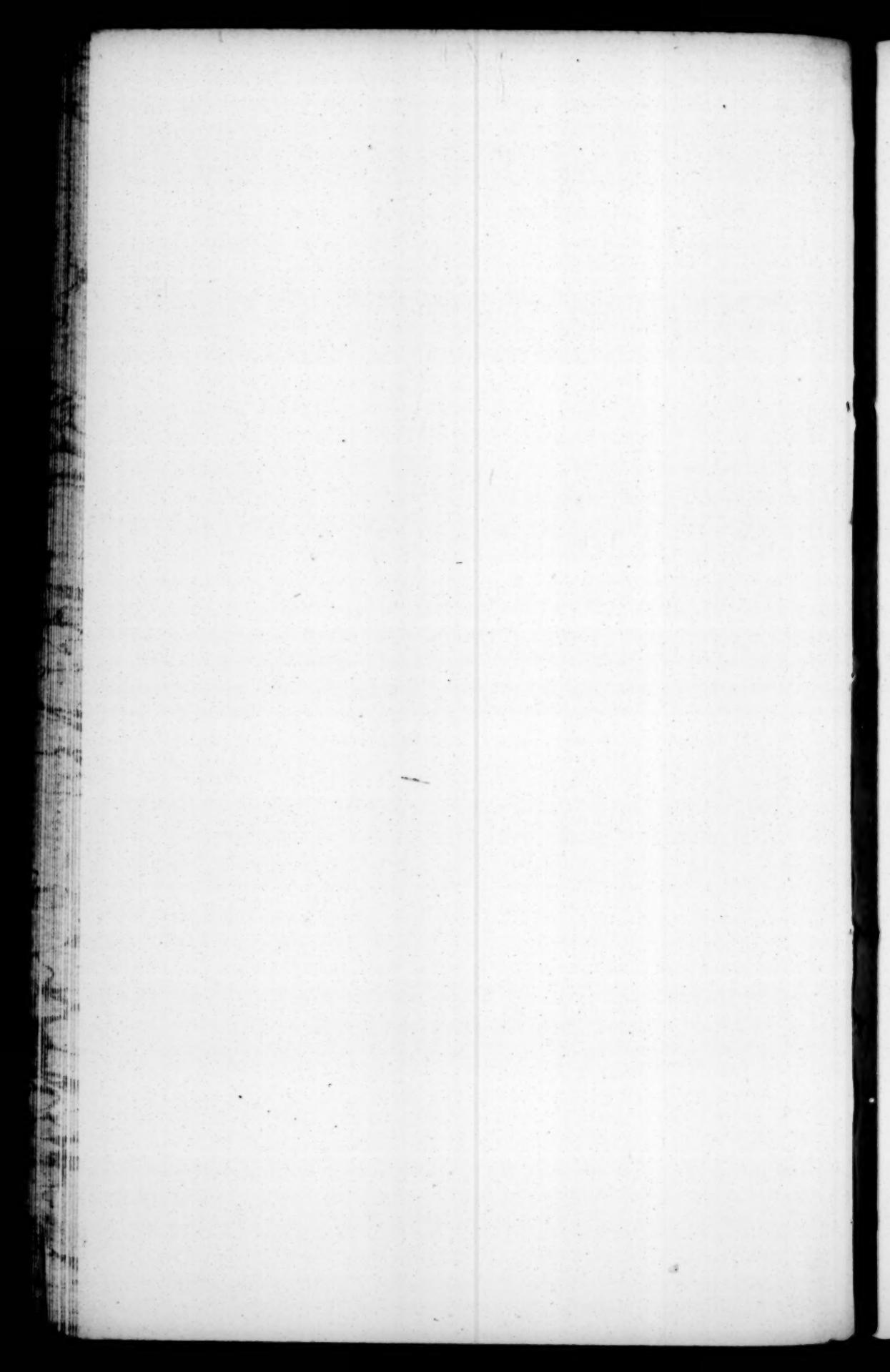
“ The grave to which he's fled ?

“ There, only there, I'll cease to grieve.

She spoke—

And join'd the dead,

H



## I L L A T T E.

*Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.*

YE fair, for whom the hands of HYMEN weave  
 The nuptial wreath to deck your virgin brow,  
 While pleasing pains the conscious bosom heave,  
 And on the kindling cheek the blushes glow :

Whose spotless soul contains the better dow'r,  
 Whose life unstain'd full many virtues vouch,  
 For whom now Venus frames the fragrant bow'r,  
 And scatters roses o'er the destin'd couch :

To you I sing.—Ah! ere the raptur'd youth,  
 With trembling hand, removes the jealous veil,  
 Where, long regardless of the vows of truth,  
 Unsocial coyness stamp'd th' ungrateful seal :

Allow the poet round your flowing hair,  
Cull'd from an humble vale, a wreath to twine,  
To Beauty's altar with the Loves repair,  
And wake the lute beside that living shrine :

That sacred shrine ! where female virtue glows,  
Where ev'n the Graces all their treasures bring,  
And where the lily, temper'd with the rose,  
Harmonious contrast ! breathes an Eden spring :

That shrine ! where Nature with presaging aim,  
What time her friendly aid LUCINA brings,  
The snowy nectar pours, delightful stream !  
Where flutt'ring Cupids dip their purple wings :

For you who bear a mother's sacred name,  
Whose cradled offspring, in lamenting strain,  
With artless eloquence asserts his claim,  
The boon of nature, but asserts in vain :

Say why, illustrious daughters of the great,  
 Lives not the nursling at your tender breast ?  
 By you protected in his frail estate ?  
 By you attended, and by you careſſ'd ?

To venal hands, alas ! can you resign  
 The parent's task, the mother's pleasing care ?  
 To venal hands the ſmiling babe conſign ?  
 While HYMEN starts, and Nature drops a tear.

When 'mid the poſh'd circle ye rejoice,  
 Or roving join fantastic Pleaſure's train,  
 Unheard perchance the nursling lifts his voice,  
 His tears unnotic'd, and unſooth'd his pain.

Ah ! what avails the coral crown'd with gold ?  
 In heedless infancy the title vain ?  
 The colours gay the purſled ſcarfs unfold ?  
 The ſplendid nurs'ry, and th' attendant train ?

Far better hadst thou first beheld the light,  
 Beneath the rafter of some roof obscure ;  
 There in a mother's eye to read delight,  
 And in her cradling arm repose secure. —

Nor wonder, should Hygeia, blissful Queen !  
 Her wonted salutary gifts recall,  
 While haggard Pain applies his dagger keen,  
 And o'er the cradle Death unfolds his pall.

The flow'ret ravish'd from its native air,  
 And bid to flourish in a foreign vale,  
 Does it not oft elude the planter's care,  
 And breathe its dying odors on the gale ?

For you, ye plighted fair, when Hymen crowns  
 With tender offspring your unshaken love,  
 Behold them not with Rigor's chilling frowns,  
 Nor from your sight unfeelingly remove.

Unsway'd by Fashion's dull unseemly jest,  
Still to the bosom let your infant cling,  
There banquet oft, an ever-welcome guest,  
Unblam'd inebriate at that healthful spring.

With fond solicitude each pain assuage,  
Explain the look, awake the ready smile ;  
Unfeign'd attachment so shall you engage,  
To crown with gratitude maternal toil :

So shall your daughters in affliction's day,  
When o'er your form the gloom of age shall spread ;  
With lenient converse chase the hours away,  
And smoothe with Duty's hand the widow'd bed :

Approach, compassionate, the voice of grief,  
And whisper patience to the closing ear :  
From Comfort's chalice minister relief,  
And in the potion drop a filial tear.

So shall your sons, when beauty is no more,  
 When fades the languid lustre in your eye,  
 When Flatt'ry shuns her dulcet notes to pour,  
 The want of beauty, and of praise, supply :

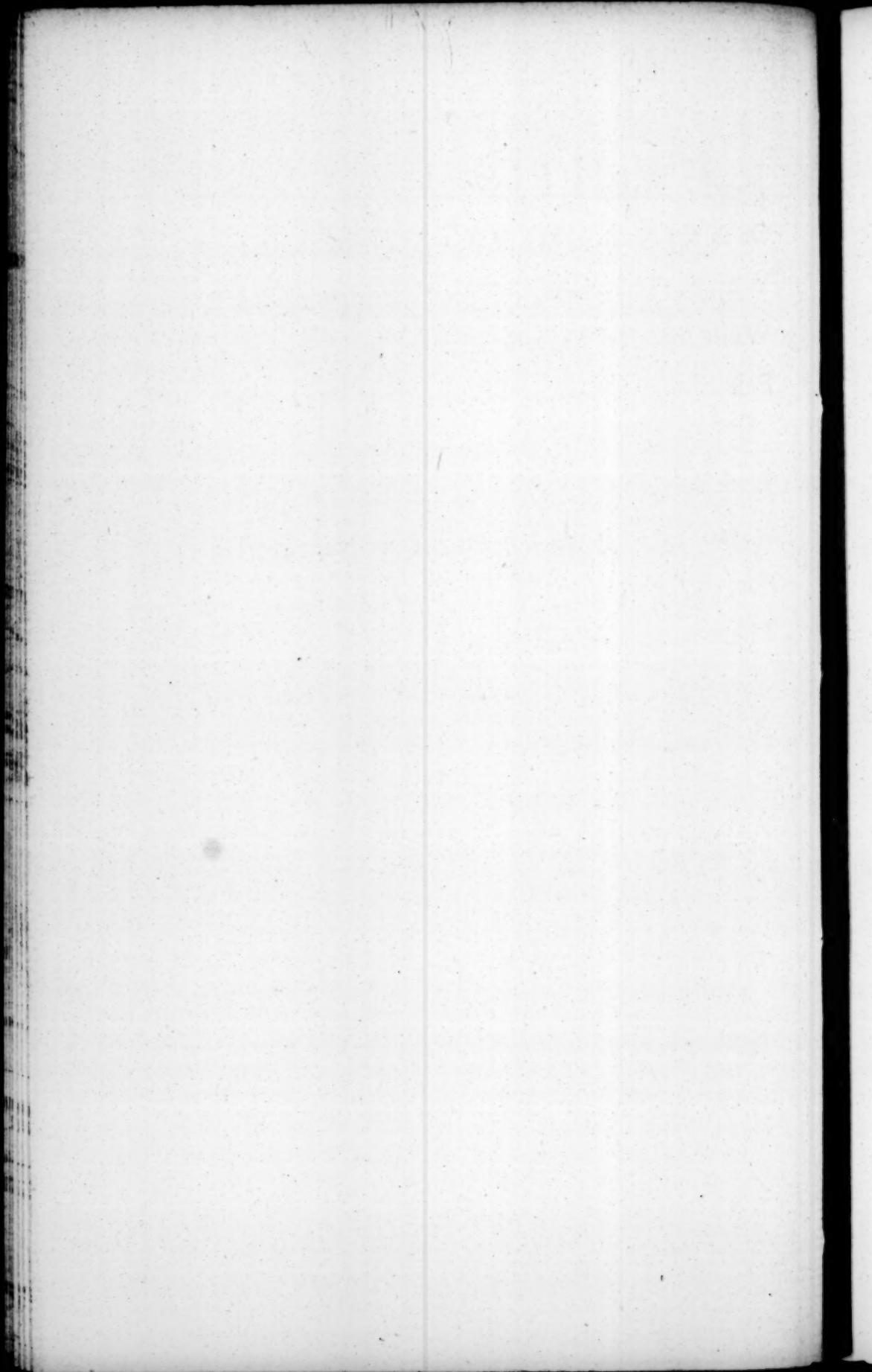
Ev'n from the wreath that decks the warrior's brow,  
 Some chosen leaves your peaceful walks shall strew:  
 And ev'n the flow'rs on classic ground that blow,  
 Shall all unfold their choicest sweets for you.

When to th' embattled host the trumpet blows,  
 While at the call fair ALBION's gallant train  
 Dare to the field their triple-number'd foes,  
 And chase them speeding o'er the martial plain :

The mother kindles at the glorious thought,  
 And to her son's renown adjoins her name ;  
 For, at the nurt'ring breast, the *hero* caught  
 The love of virtue, and the love of fame.

Or in the senate when Britannia's cause,  
With gen'rous themes, inspires the glowing mind,  
While lift'ning Freedom grateful looks applause,  
Pale Slav'ry drops her chain, and sculks behind :

With conscious joy the tender parent fraught,  
Still to her son's renown adjoins her name ;  
For, at the nurt'ring breast, the *patriot* caught  
The love of virtue, and the love of fame.



## M A T I L D A.

Ou sont les entrailles, les cris, les émotions puissantes de la Nature? — C'est dans l'âme brûlante et passionnée des Mères.

*Monsieur Thomas, Essai sur les femmes.*

O Utrageous did the loud wind blow  
Across the sounding main :  
The vessel tossing to and fro,  
Could scarce the storm sustain.

MATILDA to her fearful breast,  
Held close her infant dear,  
His presence all her fears increas'd,  
And wak'd the tender tear.

Now nearer to the grateful shore,  
 The shatter'd vessel drew :  
 The daring waves now ceas'd to roar,  
 Now shout the exulting crew.

MATILDA with a mother's joy,  
 Gave thanks to heav'n's pow'r :  
 How fervent she embrac'd her boy !  
 How blest the saving hour !

Oh much deceiv'd and hapless fair,  
 Tho' ceas'd the waves to roar,  
 Thou, from that fatal moment, ne'er  
 Did'st taste of pleasure more.

For stepping forth from off the deck,  
 To reach the welcome ground,  
 The Babe, unclasping from her neck,  
 Plung'd in the gulph profound.

Amazement-chain'd ! her haggard eye  
Gave not a tear to flow,  
Her bosom heav'd no conscious sigh,  
She stood a sculptur'd woe.

To snatch the child from instant death,  
Some brav'd the threat'ning main,  
And to recall his fleeting breath  
Try'd ev'ry art in vain.

But when the corse first met her view,  
Stretch'd on the pebbly strand,  
Rous'd from her ecstasy she flew,  
And pierc'd th' opposing band.

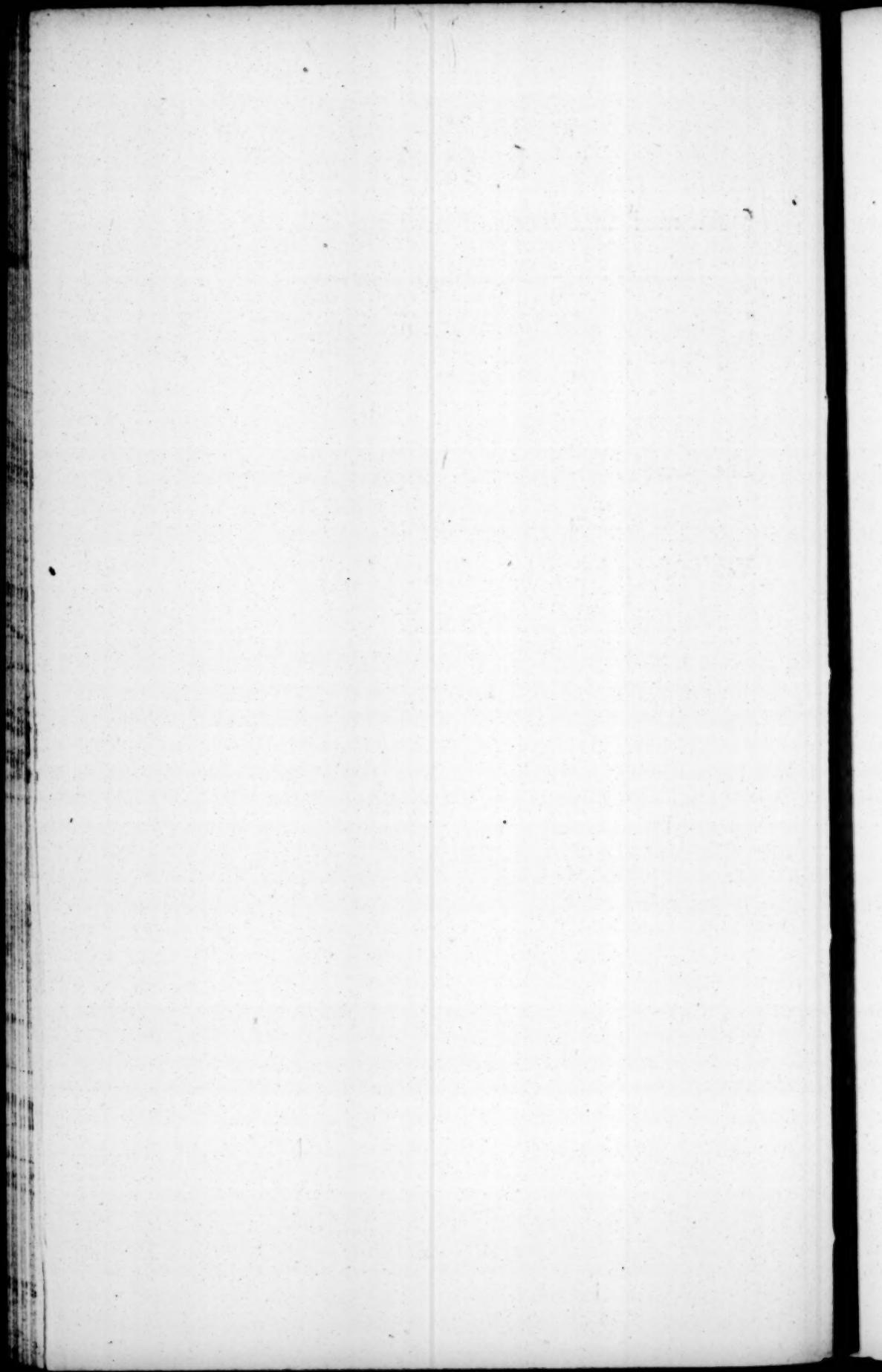
With tresses discompos'd and rude,  
Fell prostrate on the ground,  
To th' infant's lips her lips she glew'd,  
And sorrow burst its bound.

Now throwing round a troubled glance,  
With madness' ray inflam'd,  
And, breaking from her silent trance,  
She wildly thus exclaim'd :

- ‘ Heard ye the helpless infant scream ?
- ‘ Saw ye the mother bold ?
- ‘ How as she flung him in the stream,  
‘ The billows o'er him roll'd.
  
- ‘ But soft, a while — see there he lies,  
‘ Embalm'd in infant sleep :
- ‘ Why fall the dew-drops from your eyes,  
‘ What cause is here to weep ?
  
- ‘ Yes, yes — his little life is fled,  
‘ His heaveless breast is cold :
- ‘ What tears will not thy mother shed,  
‘ When thy sad tale is told ?

‘ Ah me ! that cheek of livid hue—  
‘ That brow—that auburn hair—  
‘ Those lips where late the roses blew,  
‘ All, all my son declare.

She added not—but funk oppress’d—  
Death on her eye-lids stole :  
While from her grief-distracted breast  
She sigh’d her tortur’d soul.



T H E

S W E D I S H C U R A T E,

A P O E M.

K

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

GUSTAVUS VASA, after his escape from his confinement in Denmark, was received, as he travelled through SWEDEN in disguise, by SUVERDSIO, a country curate; who, at the hazard of his life, concealed him in the parish church.

*See the Revolutions of Sweden by Vertot.*

T H E  
S W E D I S H C U R A T E.

BENEATH the friendly veil that midnight spread,  
GUSTAVUS to the patriot priest was led,  
An humble, plain, disinterested man,  
Who rear'd his useful life on virtue's plan :  
Pleas'd to behold, entrusted to his care,  
The hopes of Sweden, and fair Freedom's heir;  
Lest spies should still their privacy invade,  
He to Religion's dome the chief convey'd :  
There unrestrain'd he gladly own'd his guest,  
And yielded to the zeal that fir'd his breast.

“ Beneath yon hallow'd lamp's resplendent light,  
“ Which glows a brilliant on the breast of Night,  
“ Let me thy long-lost image now survey,  
“ And grateful homage to GUSTAVUS pay :

“ Oppress’d, o’erthrown at CHRISTIERN’s dire  
decree,

“ Unhappy Sweden still looks up to thee.”

“ Do’st thou with honest and indignant zeal,  
“ The hero answer’d, speak of Sweden’s weal ?  
“ Lament the ills the Danish hands achieve ?  
“ Or do’st thou flatter only to deceive ?  
“ Then be it so—call forth thy murd’ring train,  
“ And summon to my bier the cruel Dane,  
“ Thus to preferment’s summit shalt thou rise,  
“ And catch the hov’ring mitre for thy prize.

“ Misjudging youth, the sacred Seer replied,  
“ Suppress th’ injurious doubt, and still confide :  
“ Tho’ indigent I stand ! yet far above  
“ The hov’ring mitre is my country’s love :

“ Let others to the gilded crofs aspire,  
“ And from the crozier catch Ambition’s fire,  
“ And as they bask in LEO’s foſt’ring ray,  
“ Their wealth, their pride, their pageantry display:  
“ Let me, by grandeur undisturb’d, unſeen,  
“ Content infpher’d in duty’s humbler ſcene,  
“ Sequeſter’d lead my unadmirable days,  
“ And quench at virtue’s fount the thirſt of praife:  
“ Be mine to dwell amidſt the village ſwains,  
“ Survey their pleafures and partake their pains,  
“ Still to their wants unfold my little ſtore,  
“ And place Contentment at the cottage door.  
“ Ah, deem me then no longer Falſhood’s ſon,  
“ (By ſome diſhonest meed’s allurement won)  
“ Prompt to ſurprise thee with ignoble art,  
“ And thro’ thy bosom pierce my country’s heart.  
“ Avert it Heav’n—Shall on this hallow’d ground,  
“ Where all Religion’s terrors breath around,

“ Say, shall Venality, with artful mien,  
 “ Dare to profane this venerable scene ?  
 “ —Yon distant altar, dress’d in simple guise,  
 “ Which seems from out th’ encircling tombs to rise,  
 “ From whose dread base at each returning day,  
 “ While o’er the world ten lustres roll’d away,  
 “ I’ve sent to Heav’n, upon the wings of pray’r,  
 “ The hamlet’s homage and the hamlet’s care,  
 “ Shall ne’er behold me tott’ring o’er my grave,  
 “ False to my country, treach’rous to the brave.”

The Chief, convinc’d, replies—“ Oh virtuous Seer  
 “ Thy firm interpid zeal I now revere :  
 “ That honour-breathing voice, those silver hairs,  
 “ That candid brow, engrav’d with Wisdom’s cares,  
 “ All strike my soul with Truth’s unclouded ray,  
 “ Before whose warmth suspicion melts away.”

“ Thrice happy hour ! th’ exulting Pastor said ;  
“ Let injur’d Sweden raise her drooping head,  
“ For lo her godlike Hero comes to save  
“ Her laws, her rights, her freedom from the grave.  
“ — Urg’d in thy absence by intruding fears,  
“ We thought thee dead, and bath’d that thought in  
“ tears.”

“ My death, the Chief return’d, the Dane decreed,  
“ But fear, the tyrant’s curse, forbade the deed :  
“ Yet then the monarch spread his treach’rous sails,  
“ And by the favour of conspiring gales,  
“ Convey’d me on his rapid bark away,  
“ To his entrusted faith an helpless prey :  
“ Yet still severer fate to me remain’d ;  
“ This arm the unrelenting CRISTIERN chain’d.  
“ Can’t thou conceive the pangs that stung my breast,  
“ I who to Fame my ardent vows address’d,

" When, for th' unblemish'd lustre of renown,  
" That plays encircling on young Valour's crown,  
" Condemn'd by Fortune's inauspicious doom,  
" These eyes were blasted with a prison's gloom!  
" In ev'ry plan, in all my wishes cross'd,  
" These arms, my zeal, my youth to Sweden lost.  
" But Heaven, that watches with parental care  
" The blameless suff'rer, rais'd me from despair,  
" Gave, to my longing hopes, the welcome hour,  
" Decreed to snatch me from the Danish pow'r :  
" Yet then new sorrows did my path pursue,  
" In scenes presented to my mournful view :  
" Still as I wander'd o'er my native land,  
" I mark'd the ravage of a tyrant's hand :  
" Rich Industry had fled the naked plains,  
" To Slav'ry's banners march'd th' unwilling swains :  
" Each lofty seat that crown'd the mountain's brow,  
" And frown'd defiance on th' invading foe,

" Spoil'd of its honours, desolate, disgrac'd,  
 " Its turrets fallen ! its battlements defac'd !  
 " Seem'd to the pensive traveller to say,  
 " *Behold the dire effect of lawless sway !*  
 " The dreary scene unequal to sustain,  
 " I sigh'd—and languish'd for my chains again :  
 " Yet other ills, perchance, I've still to know,  
 " Perchance GUSTAVUS feels but half his woe.  
 " Averse to walk beneath the eye of day,  
 " Thro' night I urg'd my solitary way ;  
 " Where'er I went my name I still suppress'd,  
 " And lock'd each bold enquiry in my breast."

The Priest renew'd—" Heart-wounded I unveil,  
 " Replete with Sweden's woes, the cover'd tale :  
 " The barb'rous scene now rip'ning into fate,  
 " The Danish King unbarr'd Destruction's gate\*:

## L

\* Alluding to the massacre of the senate at Stockholm.

“ When, for the pomp, th’ imperial town survey’d  
“ The splendid scenery that joy display’d,  
“ (While to the sound of flutes and festive song  
“ The new-crown’d Dane triumphant pass’d along)  
“ Stern Tyranny thro’ trembling Stockholm bore  
“ Her tort’ring wheel and axes stain’d with gore:  
“ While at her side a captive train appear’d—  
“ Illustrious train ! by Liberty rever’d :  
“ Still as they pass’d, they heard around them rise  
“ The people’s loud laments and piercing cries :  
“ These eyes beheld (and do I live to tell)  
“ How firm to Truth these patriot martyrs fell.  
“ First on the scaffold, proud to lead the way  
“ To honour’d death from ignominious day,  
“ Appear’d—Ah let me not that scene disclose,  
“ And pour upon thy soul a flood of woes :  
“ Here will I pause---yet wherefore thus conceal  
“ What babbling Fame will soon to thee reveal ?

“ Oh summon all thy fortitude of heart,  
“ For I must wound it in the tend’rest part :  
“ He on the tragic scene who first appear’d  
“ To meet the bloody axe that CHRISTIERN rear’d,  
“ Unblam’d through life, a venerable Seer,  
“ For whom now gushes this unbidden tear,  
“ Who Virtue’s steep ascent unrivall’d won,  
“ Rever’d, regretted, call’d GUSTAVUS son.”

Th’ astonish’d Hero, at his words oppres’d,  
Like Sorrow’s image stands with voice suppress’d:  
The Priest, unequal to dispense relief,  
Stood at his side enwrapp’d in silent grief.  
—Now breaking from the chains Affliction fram’d,  
And bursting into voice, the youth exclaim’d :  
“ Oh injur’d spirit of my father hear,  
“ By yon dread altar and these shrines I swear,

“ The base inhuman Dane the day shall rue  
“ He dar’d the scaffold with thy blood imbrue :  
“ A monitor within, to which I yield,  
“ Stirs and impels me to th’ avenging field.”  
He said---a deeper darkness seem’d to reign,  
A hollow wind ran murmur’ring thro’ the fane,  
When lo, ascending from the realms of night,  
An awe-commanding spectre rush’d to sight :  
Around his temples seem’d the civic wreath,  
And thus prophetic spoke the son of Death :  
“ Arise to vindicate the sacred laws,  
“ Revenge thy father’s and thy country’s cause :  
“ Arise ! to MORA’s distant field repair,  
“ Where Freedom’s banners catch the playful air ;  
“ Beneath whose shade for thee impatient stand,  
“ Prepar’d to combat, an intrepid band :  
“ But whether in the bold ensanguin’d strife  
“ Thou shalt or forfeit or prolong thy life—

“ Thy foes shall fall—This to thy knowledge giv’n,  
 “ The rest lies buried in the breast of Heav’n :  
 “ Still let my wrongs support thee in the fight—  
 He ceas’d—and instant vanish’d into night.

The Pastor spoke—“ Go forth, illustrious chief,  
 “ At Heav’n’s commandment, to the realm’s relief:  
 “ Yet then indulge me in this bold request,  
 “ Say, Is each meaner thought subdued to rest ?  
 “ Say, In this solemn and important hour,  
 “ Glows not thy bosom with the lust of pow’r ?”

“ Not all the radiant sun-beams of renown,  
 “ Nor yet the dazzling lustre of a crown,  
 “ Shall e’er, the youth replies, this heart control:  
 “ — My country’s love possesses all my soul.  
 “ Ev’n as the bird that from its ashes springs,  
 “ And soars aloft upon exulting wings,

“ So does my country’s love its birth assume,

“ And mount triumphant from the passions’ tomb.”

“ But should I view, unnumber’d with the slain,

“ ’Tis all I ask, fair Freedom’s future reign :

“ Then from my gratitude thy voice shall claim

“ All that thy want or fondest wish can frame.

“ No splendid gifts, the virtuous man rejoin’d,

“ Have pow’r to move the duty-center’d mind:

“ Yet would thy gratitude my love secure,

“ Then be, oh Chief ! a father to the poor :

“ Farewell—No longer will I now detain

“ Thy wanted presence from th’ embattled plain :

“ Illustrious offspring of an honour’d race,

“ Allow my warm attachment this embrace.”

He spoke—and, with a love devoid of art,

He pres’*d* GUSTAVUS to his feeling heart.

Now, breaking from the youth's encircling arms,  
Resign'd him to his fate and war's alarms :  
Then to the sacred altar he repair'd,  
And thus aloud his ardent vows preferr'd :  
“ Oh Thou that liv’st enshrin’d from mortal eye,  
“ Look down indulgent from thy sacred sky,  
“ See the bold youth ascend BELLONA’s car,  
“ And safely guide him thro’ the walks of war.  
“ On Freedom’s brow be his the wreath to twine,  
“ To see that happy glorious day be mine.”  
He added not — Heav’n granted half his pray’r,  
The rest was scatter’d to th’ abortive air.  
Scarce had the chief commenc’d his bold career,  
When slept the Curate on his peaceful bier :  
There heav’d the village swain the sigh profound,  
There stood the grateful poor lamenting round.

Thus mourn'd, thus honour'd fell, the hallow'd  
sage,

A bright example to each future age !  
The hamlet, jealous of her Pastor's fame,  
Adorn'd her simple annals with his name.

T H E  
F U N E R A L

O F

A R A B E R T,  
M O N K o f L A T R A P P E:

A

P O E M.

M

## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

ARABERT, a young ecclesiastic, retired to the convent of *La Trappe*, in obedience to a vow he had taken during a fit of Illness: LEO-NORA, with whom he had lived in the strictest intimacy, followed her lover, and by the means of a disguise, obtained admission into the monastery, where a few days after she assisted at her lover's funeral,

T H E  
F U N E R A L,      &c.

F AIR LEONORA, by affliction led,

Sought the dread dome where sleep the hal-  
low'd dead :

The solemn edifice was wrapt around,

In midnight darkness, and in peace profound :

A solitary lamp, with languid light,

Serv'd not to chase, but to disclose the night ;

Serv'd to disclose (the source of all her pains)

The tomb that gap'd for ARABERT's remains :

To this, she sent the deep, the frequent sigh,

And spoke—the warm tear rushing from her eye.

‘ Doom'd to receive all that my soul holds dear,

Give him that rest his heart refus'd him here :

‘ Oh screen him from the pain the tender know,  
‘ The train of sorrows that from passion flow !  
‘ And to his happier envied state adjoin,  
‘ (Or all is vain) an ignorance of mine.’

As thus she mourn’d, an aged priest drew near,  
(Whose pure life glided as the riv’let clear,)  
The virtuous ANSELM.—Tho’ in cloisters bred,  
Still bright-ey’d Wisdom to his cell he led :  
From paths of sophistry he lov’d to stray,  
To tread the walk where Nature led the way.  
The prior’s rank he long had held approv’d,  
Esteem’d, rever’d, and as a parent lov’d :  
Unskilful in the jargon of the schools,  
He knew humanity’s diviner rules :  
To others gentle, to himself severe,  
On sorrow’s wound he dropt the healing tear.

In all the negligence of grief he found,  
The fair extended on the naked ground.

Touch'd at her woe the sacred father said,

‘ Well may’st thou droop if happiness be fled :

‘ Sure, if at holy ARABERT’s decease,

‘ Impetuous sorrows rush upon thy peace,

‘ Some much-lov’d friend in him you must deplore,

‘ Or, dearer still, a brother is no more :

‘ Yet, as thro’ life our weary steps we bend,

‘ Let us not sink when beating storms descend :

‘ Still let Religion hold unrival’d sway,

‘ And Patience walk companion of our way.

‘ Ah, lose not sight of that delightful shore,

‘ Whose blissful bow’rs shall friends to friends

‘ restore !

‘ Tho’ here misfortune comes to blast our will,

‘ The Heav’ns are just, and GOD a Father still.’

‘ Blest be the voice, the rising mourner said,  
‘ That bids Affliction raise her drooping head :  
‘ That bids me hope (beyond ev’n Death’s domain,)  
‘ These eyes shall banquet on my love again.  
‘ Ah, start not ANSELM—for to truth allied,  
‘ Impiety now throws her mask aside :  
‘ No holy Monk by contemplation led,  
‘ To these sequester’d mansions of the dead ;  
‘ No youth devoted to Religion’s pow’r,  
‘ Implores thy pity at this awful hour.—  
‘ The guilty secret—I’ll at length unfold —  
‘ In me—(forgive) a woman you behold.  
‘ Ah fly me not, let mercy now prevail,  
‘ And deign to mark my sad disast’rous tale.

‘ Known to misfortune from my tender years,  
‘ My parent’s ashes drank my early tears :

‘ A barb’rous uncle to each vice allied,  
‘ The office of a parent ill supplied :  
‘ Of my entire inheritance posses’d,  
‘ By lucre prompted, and by fortune blest,  
‘ He pass’d the ocean never to return,  
‘ And left me weeping o’er my parent’s urn :  
‘ Then ARABERT, the gen’rous stranger came,  
‘ To sooth my sorrows, and relieve my shame :  
‘ Beneath his tender care, my woes decreas’d,  
‘ More than Religion’s, he was Pity’s priest :  
‘ To reach his bounty my affection strove,  
‘ Till gratitude was heighten’d into love :  
‘ Nor he at length refus’d the lover’s part,  
‘ The pity that adorn’d, betray’d his heart.  
‘ How ardently he wish’d the nuptial rite,  
‘ In holy wedlock, might our hands unite :  
‘ But stern Religion at our vows exclaim’d,  
‘ And tore the bands that Love and Nature fram’d;

‘ For then devoted to her hallow’d shrine,  
‘ His country’s laws forbad him to be mine.  
‘ Tho’ from my mind each flatt’ring thought retir’d,  
‘ And in my bosom, hope and peace expir’d ;  
‘ Yet on their ruins, love triumphant rose :  
‘ Enough—shame o’er the rest a mantle throws :  
‘ At length Remorse effaced the guilty scene,  
‘ And to his breast apply’d her dagger keen ;  
‘ Restraine’d in full career the erring youth,  
‘ And led him back to Innocence and Truth :  
‘ ’Twas then he fled from Pleasure’s rosy bow’rs,  
‘ To woo Religion in these gloomy tow’rs :  
‘ Yet ere he fled, my bliſs he fondly plann’d,  
‘ And scatter’d riches with a lavish hand :  
‘ Ah, what to me avail’d the golden store ?  
‘ The giver gone, the gift cou’d charm no more.

‘ While in the gloom his tedious absence cast,  
 ‘ My former life in fancy I repass’d,  
 ‘ Repentance gain’d admission to my breast,  
 ‘ Nor did it enter an unwelcome guest :  
 ‘ For ne’er to Pleasure I dismisse’d the rein  
 ‘ Free and unconscious of reflection’s pain ;  
 ‘ If hapless LEONORA lov’d too well,  
 ‘ Content, fair Virtue’s friend, with Virtue fell :  
 ‘ But not my stubborn soul cou’d pray’r subdue,  
 ‘ Ev’n grafted on remorse my passion grew ;  
 ‘ Too fatal passion — by its impulse led,  
 ‘ In man’s attire to this retreat I fled :  
 ‘ Yet then, ev’n then to bashful fear allied,  
 ‘ Still o’er my love did modesty preside.  
 ‘ In those sweet moments that precede the night,  
 ‘ When peaceful nature wears a soften’d light,  
 ‘ I met the youth within the solemn grove,  
 ‘ (His frequent walk) absorb’d in heav’nly love :

‘ I strove to speak, but words refus’d to flow,  
‘ And, fix’d, I stood a monument of woe :  
‘ While God and he employ the trembling scene,  
‘ ’Twere sacrilege, I cried, to rush between :  
‘ Still from that hour my wishes I restrain’d,  
‘ And in my breast th’ unwilling secret chain’d,  
‘ Unknown to him, yet half-content I grew,  
‘ So that his form might daily charm my view.  
‘ But new Affliction, with relentless hand,  
‘ O’erthrew the project that my heart had plann’d :  
‘ Amid the horrors of the lonesome night,  
‘ A ghastly spectre rush’d upon my sight,  
‘ And pour’d these accents on my trembling ear,  
‘ *Think not impiety shall triumph here :*  
‘ *Thy hopes are blasted—Death’s tremendous bell*  
‘ *Shall sound, ere many hours, thy lover’s knell :*  
‘ I started from my couch, with fright impress’d,  
‘ Flew to the fane to calm my anxious breast ;

‘ By love then prompted—yet by love dismay’d,  
‘ The peopled choir I tremblingly survey’d ;  
‘ Still mid th’ innumerable monastic train,  
‘ These eyes solicited his form in vain :  
‘ Nor in the field or pensive grove retir’d  
‘ Could I discover whom my heart requir’d :  
‘ Then sure (I cried) at this unhappy hour  
‘ Does anguish o’er his cell diffuse its pow’r :  
‘ Shall LEONORA not relieve his pain,  
‘ And with these arms his drooping head sustain ?  
‘ Say, at the couch, when death is stalking round,  
‘ Shall not the spouse of his fond heart be found !  
‘ Ah no—th’ affection that subdues me still,  
‘ At that dread moment check’d my ardent will,  
‘ Lest rushing on his sight I should control  
‘ The holy thoughts that hover’d o’er his soul.

‘ This low’ring morn disclos’d the fatal truth :  
 ‘ Oh early lost—oh lov’d—oh hapless youth—  
 ‘ Fix’d to the column of the hallow’d porch—  
 ‘ ’Twas scarcely light—some fury lent her torch—  
 ‘ I read—

*The pious ARABERT’s no more,*  
*The peace the dead require, for him implore :*

‘ Let peace, let joy, (I said) his spirit join,  
 ‘ Nor joy, nor peace must e’er encircle mine :  
 ‘ Lamented youth ! too tenderly allied,  
 ‘ In vain you fled me, and in vain you died,  
 ‘ Still to your image, which this breast inurns,  
 ‘ My constant heart a lamp perpetual burns.

‘ But thou, to whom as friend he did impart  
 ‘ Each latent wish, and foible of the heart ;

‘ For well I know, where Sorrow drops a tear,  
‘ Or Misery complains, thou still art near ;  
‘ Ah say, by love did my idea dreſt,  
‘ Come to his mind thus welcome, thus careſt ?  
‘ Or on his soul come rushing undesir’d,  
‘ The fatal fair, by female arts inspir’d,  
‘ Who dimm’d the lustre of his radiant name,  
‘ And from his temples tore the flow’r of fame :  
‘ Who thro’ the labyrinth of pleasure’s bow’r  
‘ Allur’d (for beauty ſuch as mine had pow’r)  
‘ Ev’n to the dang’rous ſteep—and caſt him down  
‘ From high repute to grov’ling diſrenown :  
‘ Wretch that I am, to my diſtrefſful ſtate  
‘ There wanted not th’ addition of his hate :  
‘ For him I plung’d my artleſs youth in shame,  
‘ Unlock’d reſerve, and ſacrific’d my fame :  
‘ Still, ſtill I fear (unable to confide,)  
‘ Before my ARABERT, the lover died :

‘ This thought (to thee I'll own) suspends my grief,  
‘ While cold indifference comes to my relief :  
‘ Say, virtuous ANSELM, if this thought be vain,  
‘ And give, Oh give me all my grief again !

‘ To her replied the pity-breathing feer,  
‘ Mark well my words, and lose thy idle fear :  
‘ When on the couch of Death, the victim lay,  
‘ Not in that moment was his friend away :  
‘ As at his side I took my mournful stand,  
‘ With feeble grasp he seiz'd my offer'd hand,  
‘ And thus began.—“ The fatal dart is sped,  
“ Soon, soon shall ARABERT encrease the dead :  
“ ’Tis well—for what can added life bestow,  
“ But days returning still with added woe :  
“ Say, have I not secluded from my sight,  
“ The lovely object of my past delight ?

“ Ah, had I too dethron’d her from my mind,  
 “ When here the holy brotherhood I join’d,  
 “ Remorse wou’d not, encreasing my disease,  
 “ Prey on my soul, and rob it of its ease :  
 “ And yet I strove, unequal to the part,  
 “ Weak to perform the sacrifice of heart :  
 “ And now, ev’n now, too feeble to control,  
 “ I feel her clinging to my parting soul : ”  
 ‘ He spoke—(my sympathetic bosom bled,)  
 ‘ And to the realms of Death his spirit fled.

The fair rejoin’d : ‘ Misled by foul distrust,  
 ‘ To him, whose heart was mine, am I unjust ?  
 ‘ Ah, ARABERT, th’ unwilling fault forgive,  
 ‘ Dead to th’ alluring world, in thee I live :  
 ‘ My thoughts, my deep regret, my sorrows own,  
 ‘ No view, no object still but thee alone :

‘ At all the vengeance bursting from above,  
 ‘ Alarm’d, I weep, I shudder, yet I love.’

As thus she spoke, the death-bell smote her ear,  
 While to the porch the fun’ral train drew near:  
 Ah, LEONORE, in that tremendous hour,  
 Did’st thou not feel all Heav’n’s avenging pow’r,  
 When moving thro’ the isle, the choral band,  
 And vested priests, with torches in their hand,  
 Gave to thy view, unfortunately dear,  
 Thy lover sleeping on th’ untimely bier ?

Collecting now at length her scatter’d force,  
 With trembling footsteps she approach’d the corse,  
 And while she check’d the conflict in her breast,  
 The wide-encircling throng she thus address’d :  
 ‘ Well may ye mark me with astonish’d eyes,  
 ‘ Audacious hypocrite in man’s disguise ;

‘ Who urg’d my passion, dar’d with steps profane,  
 ‘ Approach the hallow’d dome of Virtue’s train :  
 ‘ Lead me, ah lead me, to the dungeon’s gloom,  
 ‘ The rack prepare—I yield me to your doom :  
 ‘ Yet still shou’d Pity in your breast abide,  
 ‘ And Pity sure to Virtue is allied,  
 ‘ To my distress benign attention lend,  
 ‘ Your acts of rigor for a while suspend,  
 ‘ Till o’er this bier (’tis Nature’s kind relief,)  
 ‘ I’ve pour’d my plaints, and paid the rites of grief :  
 ‘ Ah, he was dearer to this bleeding heart,  
 ‘ Far dearer than expression can impart.

‘ Thou who didst place us in this vale of tears,  
 ‘ Where sorrow blasts the plant that pleasure rears :  
 ‘ If, as the tenets of our creed require,  
 ‘ Thy waken’d justice breaths immortal ire ;

‘ If love, from whence ev’n here misfortunes flow,  
 ‘ Beyond the grave you curse with endless woe ?  
 ‘ Ah not o’er ARABERT thy vengeance spread !  
 ‘ On me, on me thy darts of anger shed !  
 ‘ For I allur’d him far from Virtue’s way,  
 ‘ And led his youthful innocence astray :  
 ‘ Ah, not in punishment our fate conjoin,  
 ‘ He shar’d the rapture, but the guilt was mine.’

With trembling hand she now the veil withdrew\*,  
 When lo the well-known features struck her view :  
 Absorpt in grief she cast a fond survey —  
 At length her thoughts in murmurs broke away:  
 ‘ That eye — which shed on mine voluptuous light,  
 ‘ Alas, how sunk in everlasting night ?  
 ‘ See from those lips the living colour fled,  
 ‘ Where Love resided, and where Pleasure fed !

\* ’Tis usual to bury the monks of La Trappe in their monastic habit extended on a plank.

‘ And where bright Eloquence had pour’d her store,  
 ‘ Dumb Horror fits—and Wisdom is no more :  
 ‘ Yet ere the worm (since this is doom’d its prey)  
 ‘ Shall steal the ling’ring likeness quite away,  
 ‘ On that cold lip sure LEONORE may dwell,  
 ‘ And, free from guilt, imprint the long farewell :  
 She added not—but bending low her head,  
 Three times the mourner kiss’d th’ unconscious dead.

Now holy ANSELM urg’d her to restrain  
 Her boundless grief in rev’rence of the fane :  
 She answer’d, starting from the sable bier,  
 ‘ Can I forget that ARABERT was dear !  
 ‘ Can I, cold monitor, from hence remove,  
 ‘ His worth unrival’d, and his lasting love !  
 ‘ Can I forget, as destitute I lay,  
 ‘ To sickness, grief, and penury a prey,

‘ How eagerly he flew at Pity’s call,  
 ‘ Put forth his hand and rais’d me from my fall !  
 ‘ All unsolicited he gave me wealth,  
 ‘ He gave me solace, and he gave me health ;  
 ‘ And, dearer than the bliss those gifts impart,  
 ‘ He strain’d me to his breast, and gave his heart :

‘ And shall these hallow’d walls and awful fane  
 ‘ Reproach the voice that pours the praiseful strain ?  
 ‘ Say, at the friend’s, the guardian’s, lover’s tomb,  
 ‘ Can sorrow sleep, and gratitude be dumb ?  
 ‘ But I submit—and bend thus meekly low,  
 ‘ To kiss th’ avenging hand that dealt the blow :  
 ‘ Resign’d I quit the losing path I trod,  
 ‘ Fall’n is my idol—and I worship God.’  
 She ceas’d—the choir intones the fun’ral song,  
 Which holy echoes plaintively prolong ;

And now the solemn organ, tun'd to woe,  
Pour'd the clear notes pathetically flow :  
These rites perform'd—along th' extending fane,  
She now attends the slow-proceeding train ;  
Who o'er the mournful cypress-shaded way,  
To the expecting tomb, the dead convey :  
See now the priests, the closing act prepare,  
And to the darksome vault commit their care :  
At this dread scene, too feelingly distress'd,  
She pour'd the last effusions of her breast.

‘ Come dove-like Peace, to watch this sacred shrine,  
‘ And brood incessant, with a love like mine.’  
She paus'd—then (o'er the yawning tomb reclin'd)  
In all the tenderness of grief rejoin'd :  
‘ Oh beauty's flow'r—oh pleasure ever new—  
‘ Oh friendship, love, and constancy adieu :  
‘ Ye virtues that adorn'd th' unhappy youth,  
‘ Affection, Pity, Confidence, and Truth,

- ‘ The gen’rous thoughts that with the feeling dwell,
- ‘ And sympathy of heart—farewell, farewell !
- ‘ Not all of ARABERT this tomb contains,
- ‘ All is not here while LEONORE remains :
- ‘ Methinks a voice ev’n animates the clay,
- ‘ And in low accents summons me away :
- ‘ *Haste LEONORE—thy other self rejoin,*
- ‘ *And let thy glowing ashes mix with mine :*
- ‘ Ah, trust me ARABERT ! to share thy doom,
- ‘ Prepar’d, resolv’d, I’ll meet thee in the tomb :
- ‘ Forbear, Oh Heav’n, in pity to these tears,
- ‘ To curse my sorrow with a length of years.
  
- ‘ And when this drooping form shall press the bier,
- ‘ Say, virtuous ANSELM, wilt thou not be near ?
- ‘ The friendly requiem for my soul to crave,
- ‘ And lay these limbs in this lamented grave ?

‘ Then when this tortur’d heart shall cease to burn,  
 ‘ Our blended dust shall warm the faithful urn :  
 ‘ Nor distant far is that releasing hour,  
 ‘ For Nature now oppres’d beyond her pow’r,  
 ‘ Resigns at length, my troubled soul to rest,  
 ‘ And Grief’s last anguish rushes thro’ my breast.

Behold her now extended on the ground,  
 And see the sacred brethren kneeling round :  
 Them she addresses in a fault’ring tone,  
 ‘ Say, cannot Death my daring crime atone ;  
 ‘ Ah, let compassion now your heart inspire,  
 ‘ Amid your pray’rs, I unalarm’d expire.  
 ‘ Thou who art ev’n in this dread moment dear,  
 ‘ Oh, shade of ARABERT, still hover near.  
 ‘ I come.’—

—And now emerging from her woes,

('Twas Love's last effort) from the earth she rose;  
And, strange to tell, with strong affection fraught,  
She headlong plung'd into the gloomy vault:  
And there, what her impassion'd wish requir'd,  
On the lov'd breast of ARABERT expir'd.

To —————

Written in 1765.

A POLLO bids the Muses rove,  
 The lonely path, the silent grove :  
 He bids the Graces oft resort  
 To festive scenes and splendid court ;  
 Yet will he let the Muse repair  
 To where CHARLOTTA guards her heir ;  
 Unblam'd the royal babe approach,  
 And strew fresh flow'rets o'er his couch.  
 As on his cheek buds Nature's rose,  
 With Virtue's bud his bosom glows ;  
 Whose foliage opening into day,  
 Shall each *parental* streak display :  
 And when the coming Spring prevails,  
 With sweets *maternal*, scent the gales.

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P

Your choicest wreaths, ye fairies, bring,  
 To crown the little embrio king :  
 Behold that hand with gewgaws play,  
 Which shall Britannia's sceptre sway :  
 Attentive o'er the nurs'ry plain,  
 Behold him range his mimic men :  
 Unconscious of the future hour,  
 When vested with imperial pow'r,  
 He, hero-like, shall lead his train,  
 To combat on a real plain ;  
 While victory shall blefs the war,  
 And scatter laurels from her car : —

Illustrious babe, tho' deaf to praise,  
 For thee I frame these humble lays :  
 The day will come (but may kind fate  
 Keep back that day 'till very late)

When thou, thy much lov'd father's heir,  
Like him shalt grace the regal chair ;  
Shalt hold, approv'd, th' imperial helm,  
And blefs, like him, a grateful realm.  
  
Oh ! then shall praise ring out her peal,  
And flatt'ry her bright flow'rets deal :  
  
Ah ! if thine eye in future time  
Shou'd chance to mark this artless rhyme,  
Thou'l find one of the Muses' train,  
For thee awak'd his gentle strain :  
  
What time unconscious of the theme,  
That did unfold thy future fame ;  
Thou could'st not with a smile reward  
The numbers of th' unvenal bard :  
  
While they who shall these lines peruse,  
If lines like these survive their muse,  
Shall own, when they look up to you,  
That he was bard and prophet too.



## EPITAPH on Miss JERNINGHAM.

JANUARY 1773.

A H, venerate this hallow'd ground,  
And mark the infant-virtues round !  
  
See Innocence, celestial fair,  
With childhood, Heav'n's peculiar care :  
  
See beauty opening into bloom,  
Bending o'er this youthful tomb :  
  
Behold affection that endears,  
And wit beyond an infant's years,  
And constancy (mid mortal pain,  
Still, still refusing to complain)  
  
By sorrow led, a choral band,  
Fix'd on this sacred spot, they stand !  
  
And as they view this marble stone,  
Their little mistress they bemoan.

T O

## MR. M A S O N

The Day before he published his ENGLISH  
GARDEN.

YE whom the ray of genius warms,  
 Whom fancy moves, and nature charms,  
 Dismiss Amusement's idle toy,  
 Suspend the joys that know to cloy,  
 To higher pleasure dare aspire,  
 To-morrow MASON wakes his Lyre.

This Lyre the weeping muses said,  
 Was as it lay on MONA's head \*,  
 Stol'n by an angel in the night  
 And born to Heav'n's ethereal height:

\* Alluding to Caractacus.

Not so—this Lyre was lately found,  
By Nature in her garden ground,  
Interr'd in flow'rs of rich perfume,  
While FLORA watch'd the fragrant tomb.

Bright Nature cast a fond survey,  
Then brush'd the shading flow'rs away :  
With her own wreath the cords entwin'd,  
Then to her bard the shell resign'd,  
And he to favor her desire,  
To-morrow wakes the long-lost Lyre.

## WRITTEN IN Mr. HUME's HISTORY.

BIG with the tales of other years,  
Here lays th' historic tome ;  
Which to the pensive mind appears  
A deep capacious tomb :

Where long embalm'd by CLIO's hand,  
The patriot and the slave,  
Who fav'd, and who betray'd the land,  
Pref one extensive grave :

With those that grasp'd th' imperial helm,  
And trod the path of pow'r :  
With those who grac'd fair learning's realm,  
And beauty's fairer bow'r.

If thus th' illustrious close their scene,  
Oblivion then may laugh :  
What flows from HUME's immortal pen  
Is but an epitaph !

## Imitated from the FRENCH.

**S**T R A Y I N G. beside yon wood-skreen'd river,  
 Dan Cupid met my wond'ring view ;  
 His feather'd arrows stor'd his quiver,  
 Each feather glow'd a diff'rent hue :

- ‘ For him who frames the daring deed,  
   ‘ (The little godhead said and laugh'd)
- ‘ To fly with Miss beyond the Tweed,  
   ‘ An eagle's plume adorns the shaft.
  
- ‘ The prattler vain of his address,  
   ‘ The magpye's feathers never fail ;
- ‘ And for the youth too fond of dress,  
   ‘ I rob the gaudy peacock's tail.

Q

‘ Whene’er I mean to rouse the care  
‘ That lurks within the jealous heart,  
‘ The owl that wings the midnight air  
‘ Lends his grave plume to load the dart.  
  
‘ But rarely when I wou’d affail  
‘ The constant heart with truth imprest,  
‘ Then for the trembling shaft I steal  
‘ A feather from the turtle’s breast :  
  
‘ Lo ! one with that soft plumage crown’d,  
‘ Which more than all my arms I prize :  
Alas ! I cried, this gave the wound,  
When late you shot from JULIA’s eyes.

T H E  
N U N N E R Y:

In Imitation of Mr. GRAY's ELEGY.

**R**etirement's hour proclaims the tolling bell,  
In due observance of its stern decree :  
Each sacred virgin seeks her lonely cell,  
And leaves the grate to solitude and me.

Now throws the western sun a fainter glare,  
And silence sooths the vestal world to rest,  
Save where some pale-eye'd novice (wrapt in pray'r)  
Heaves a deep groan, and smites her guiltless breast.

Save that in artless melancholy strains,  
Some ELOISA, whom soft passion moves,  
Absorpt in sorrow to the night complains,  
For ever bar'd the ABELARD she loves.

Within those ancient walls with moss o'erspread,  
 Where the relenting sinner learns to weep,  
 Each in her humble cell till midnight laid,  
 The gentle daughters of devotion sleep.

Of wantonness the pleasure-breathing lay,  
 Or laughter beck'ning from his rosy seat,  
 Or vanity attir'd in colours gay,  
 Shall ne'er allure them from their sober state.

For them no more domestic joys return,  
 Or tender father plies his wonted care,  
 The nuptial torch for them must never burn,  
 Or prattling infants charm the ling'ring year.

Oft do they weave the chaplets pictur'd gay,  
 To deck their altars, and the shrines around ;  
 How fervent do they chant the pious lay ?  
 How thro' the length'ning isle the notes resound ?

Let not ambition mock with jest profane,  
 Their life obscure, and destiny severe ;  
 Nor worldly beauty with a sneer disdain  
 The humble duties of the cloister'd fair.

The glist'ning eye, the half-seen breast of snow,  
 The coral lip, the bright vermillion bloom,  
 Awaits alike th' inexorable foe ;  
 The paths of pleasure lead but to the tomb.

Perhaps, in this drear mansion are confin'd,  
 Some bosom form'd to love unspoil'd by art,  
 Charms that might soften the severest mind,  
 And wake to extacy the coldest heart.

But pleasure flies them, a forbidden guest,  
 Deck'd with the flow'rs in youth's gay path that  
     blooms,  
 The clay-cold hand of penance chills their breast,  
 And in reflection's urn their mirth intombs.

Full many a riv'let wand'ring to the main,  
 Sequester'd pours its solitary stream :  
 Full many a lamp devoted to the fane,  
 Sheds unregarded its nocturnal beam.

Some veil'd ELIZA (like the clouded sun)  
 May here reside inglorious and unknown :  
 Some like AUGUSTA might have rear'd a son,  
 To bleſs a nation, and adorn a throne.

From Flatt'ry's lip to drink the sweets of praise,  
 In conscious charms with rivals still to vie ;  
 In circles to attract the partial gaze,  
 And view their beauty in th' admirer's eye

Their lot forbids : nor does alone remove,  
 The thirst of praise, but ev'n their crimes restrain :  
 Forbids thro' Folly's labyrinth to rove,  
 And yield to vanity the flowing rein :

To rear 'mid HYMEN's joys domestic strife,  
 Or seek that converse which they ought to shun;  
 To loose the sacred ties of nuptial life,  
 And give to many what they vow'd to one.

What tho' they're sprinkled with ethereal dew !  
 With blooming wreaths by hands of seraphs crown'd !  
 Tho' heav'n's unfading splendors burst to view,  
 And harps celestial to their ear resound:

Still grateful mem'ry paints the distant friend,  
 Not ev'n the world to their remembrance dies ;  
 Their midnight orisons to heav'n ascend,  
 To stay the bolt descending from the skies.

For who entranc'd in visions from above,  
 The thought of kindred razes from the mind ?  
 Feels in the soul no warm returning love,  
 For some endear'd companion left behind ?

Their joy-encircled hearth as they forsook,  
 From some fond breast reluctant they withdrew:  
 As from the deck they sent a farewell look,  
 Fair Albion sunk for ever to their view.

For thee who mindful of th' encloister'd train,  
 Dost in these lines their mournful tale relate,  
 If by compassion guided to this fane,  
 Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate :

- ‘ Haply some aged vestal may reply,
- ‘ Oft have we heard him, ere AURORA's ray
- ‘ Had painted bright the portal of the sky,
- ‘ At yonder altar join the matin lay.
  
- ‘ Where hapless *Adaleida* sought repose,
- ‘ Oft at yon grave wou'd he her fate condole ;
- ‘ And in his breast as scenes of grief arofe,
- ‘ Pour the kind requiem to her feeling soul.

- ‘ One morn I miss’d him at the hour divine,
- ‘ Along that isle and in the sacristy :
- ‘ Another came, nor yet beside the shrine,
- ‘ Nor at the font, nor in the porch was he.
  
- ‘ The next we heard the bell of death intone,
- ‘ And in the hallow’d grave we saw him laid :
- ‘ Approach and read on this sepulchral stome,
- ‘ The lines engrav’d to soothe his hov’ring shade :

T H E

## E P I T A P H.

By Death’s stern hand untimely snatch’d away,  
 A youth unknown to fame these vaults infold :  
 He gave to Solitude the pensive day,  
 And Pity fram’d his bosom of her mould :

R

With lyre devoted to Compassion's ear,  
Oft he bewail'd the vestal's hapless doom,  
Oft has yon altar caught his falling tear,  
And for that gen'rous tear he gain'd A TOMB.

F I N I S.

**6 JY 53**

atn 3/10/30

GO YL ③